

CHARLES BECHTOLD

TEN TO MIDNIGHT

Screenplay

by

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Revised 9/28/82

TEN TO MIDNIGHT

1. EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

1.

Downtown Los Angeles, near skid row. It is late, the street all but deserted. Only a few late-nighters are still out -winos, insomniacs, derelicts of one sort or another.

A young man (WARREN STACEY) strides down the street, hands in his pockets. He is indifferently dressed, a cap pulled low, hiding his face. He passes an all-night movie, approaches what is charitably known as a transient hotel, with a red neon sign: HOTEL REX.

Alongside the hotel runs an ALLEY. Warren glances about to make sure he isn't observed, then darts down the alley.

2. CLOSE - REAR DOOR - HOTEL REX

2.

It's an emergency exit that can be opened only from inside. Warren's hand, wearing a rubber medical glove, pries the door open. His other hand (also gloved) removes a sliver of steel, which has prevented the door from latching. He enters. The door is closed silently from within.

3. INT. REX HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

3.

Bargain basement furniture, mottled walls, threadbare carpet, together with a pervasive air of mustiness, tell us we are in what can accurately be called a fleabag: rates by the week, day, or, in most cases, the hour.

A GIRL lies asleep in bed. Her clothes, on the flashy side (defining her profession), are draped over a chair. On the dresser is a half-pint of whiskey, half gone. On the bedside table, next to the telephone, is a glass, nearly empty.

The girl wears too much makeup, a futile attempt to disguise her plainness. Her sleep is stupefied, her breathing hoarse.

SHOT

Barely audible sound of a key in the door. The door opens. Warren enters. Silently he closes the door, removes his cap. His face is boyish, handsome, his body lithe, fluid and strong. He is in his late twenties. He leans over to examine the girl. Satisfied she is dead to the world, he takes the glass from the bedside table, the half-pint bottle from the dresser, hastens into --

(CONTINUED)

4. INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

4.

Warren washes the glass, puts it on a shelf. He dumps the remainder of the half-pint into the toilet.

From his pocket he takes a plastic bag, opens it, brings forth a switchblade knife. The plastic bag is tossed into the toilet. Also the rubber medical gloves.

He presses a lever, causing the switchblade to spring open. He washes it. In the basin we see a purplish tinge of blood. While drying the knife, he flushes the toilet. The plastic bag, the whiskey and the gloves disappear in a whirling rush of water.

5. HOTEL ROOM

5.

Warren re-enters. Knife in hand, he stares for a moment at the girl, then closes the knife, drops it into his pocket.

Rapidly he undresses, climbs into bed with the girl. With evident distaste, he pulls her close.

She opens her eyes. Her hand goes to her forehead.

GIRL

Jesus... what hit me?

Warren pretends to wake up. "Huh? What?"

GIRL

My head! How long I been asleep?
What time is it?

WARREN

How do I know?

GIRL

(trying to remember)
Did we make it?

WARREN

(salacious smile)
Are you kidding?

The PHONE RINGS. Warren rolls over. Sitting on the side of the bed, he answers with a manufactured yawn.

WARREN

Yeah?

VOICE

Your wake-up call, sir.

WARREN

What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

You told me to call you at one
o'clock, what time you think
it is?

WARREN

One o'clock.

He hangs up. His mouth forms a small, self-congratulatory
smile. Without turning around --

WARREN

Answer your question?

GIRL

Huh?

WARREN

We been asleep four hours.

6. CREDIT TITLES BEGIN, SUPERIMPOSED OVER:

6.

EXT. COUNTY (OR CITY) OFFICE BUILDING - LATE DAY

The work day ended, EMPLOYEES are swarming out of the building.
CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON Warren Stacey, now neatly and conservatively
dressed. His eyes are riveted on --

BETTY JOHNSON

She is young, spirited, more than ordinarily attractive.
She is having an animated conversation with her best friend
(and roommate) KAREN SMALLEY, both of them oblivious to
Warren.

WARREN

He watches Betty and Karen head for the bus stop, then
walks off in the opposite direction.

7. HELICOPTER SHOT - EARLY EVENING

7.

A panoramic view of LOS ANGELES: Civic Center, downtown
office buildings, the network of freeways, crammed with
going-home traffic.

Facing west, to catch the setting sun, CAMERA NARRROWS
IN ON ONE FREEWAY, ONE CAR. The car is an elderly Volkswagen
(a "bug"), an undistinguished gray, but immaculately maintained.

From the HELICOPTER we see a drab, lower-middle area (like
the Normandie-Melrose section), mostly older apartments.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA DISCLOSES one apartment building, flat-faced, three or four stories high. This is where Warren lives.

8. EXT. WARREN'S APARTMENT BUILDING

8.

His VW appears. The street is lined with parked cars, almost all economy models. He manages to squeeze his VW into a tiny space, gets out, locks his car, walks the short distance to his apartment building.

9. INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

9.

A hi-fi system fills the apartment with pulsing MUSIC. Warren appears from the bathroom, fresh from the shower, wearing shorts, socks and slippers.

He goes to the dresser, sprays cologne under his arms, then moistens both hands with cologne, pats his face, finally runs his hands through his hair. Now he combs his hair, carefully, fastidiously.

Warren is punctilious in all things - speech, manners, especially in appearance. He goes to the closet, brings forth two outfits, holds them up, one in each hand, pondering which to wear.

He makes his decision - white Levis and red-checked shirt. He dresses quickly, slips on a pair of polished loafers, examines himself in the full-length mirror on the inner side of the closet door. If he is pleased, we are not permitted to know. His face is without expression, eyes like curtained windows, disclosing nothing of what's inside.

As Warren moves about, the CAMERA provides a survey of his bachelor apartment - combined living and dining area, curtained alcove for sleeping, a kitchenette and bathroom.

We see half a dozen potted plants, growing nicely. On the walls are several macho movie and sports posters, also a large framed photograph of Warren, wearing a karate outfit, in a martial arts pose.

CREDIT TITLES END

Every move Warren makes is planned and purposeful, body and mind under rigid control. Again he goes to the dresser, straps his watch onto his wrist, deposits handkerchief, comb, wallet and keys in appropriate pockets.

One more article remains on the dresser, a bone-handled knife. Warren picks it up, at the same moment punches

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

a button on the hi-fi, severing the flow of music. ABRUPT SILENCE.

Holding the knife against his abdomen, he presses the release. The shining blade springs forward, not unlike an erection.

10. EXT. WOODED AREA - DUSK

10.

A Dodge van is seen heading into the wooded area (possibly Franklin Canyon, near the reservoir).

11. INT. DODGE VAN

11.

At the wheel of the van is young, good looking DALE ANDERS. Glued to his side, eyes alight with anticipation, is Betty Johnson, the girl we saw leaving the County Office Building.

A CASSETTE PLAYER fills the van with sensuous sounds. From the looks exchanged between Betty and Dale, it's obvious they are not seeking woodsy concealment because they are nature lovers.

12. EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DUSK

12.

Two girls are buying tickets, one sweet-faced but rather dumpy (PEG), the other slim and attractive (TINA). Directly behind Tina is Warren Stacey. Deliberately, Warren presses against Tina. She turns and gives him a look. Warren smiles, says, "Excuse me." Which is not what he means at all.

It's a plastered-on smile, bright but without warmth. Tina, in no way captivated, gets her ticket and, with Peg, enters the theater. With the same plastic smile, Warren greets the GIRL in the ticket booth.

WARREN

Hi there.

(a nod in Tina's
direction)

Wouldn't by any chance know
her name, would you?

TICKET GIRL

(being cutesy)

Not by any chance, no. It's
Tina. Why?

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Nothing chanced, nothing gained.

13.INT. MOVIE THEATER

13.

The movie is just starting. Not many people in the theater. Warren appears at rear of theater, a carton of popcorn in hand.

He looks, sees Tina and Peg. He enters the same row, sits down next to Tina, munching a handful of popcorn.

Tina gives him another look, chillier than the one before. Warren gives her the same spurious smile. When he speaks, one would expect an ingratiating approach. But no, there is an edge to his voice, an abrasive, almost jeering note.

WARREN

Tina, say hello to Warren Stacey.

(no answer)

Hi, Warren, how are you? Fine, thank you, Tina. Hot buttered popcorn?

He does not so much offer the carton as thrust it at her.

TINA

Would you mind sitting somewhere else?

WARREN

No indeed, wouldn't mind at all. But I'd rather sit here.

A WOMAN PATRON, three rows ahead, turns around with an angry "Sh!" Warren ignores her. He puts his left arm around Tina, leans over to offer the carton to Peg. In doing so, his right arm, not accidentally, presses against Tina's breasts.

WARREN

Popcorn?

Tina shoves his arm away, causing most of the popcorn to spill on the floor.

WARREN

Now look what you've done! Shame on you!

Tina, on her feet, pulls Peg up. Off they go, across the aisle and several rows down. Warren calls after them --

(CONTINUED)

WARREN
Don't go away mad.

WOMAN PATRON
If you don't be quiet, I'm going
to call the manager!

WARREN
(sweetly)
Forgive me, Madam. It won't
happen again.

TINA AND PEG

They look back at --

WARREN

Feet propped on the seat in front of him, he is munching popcorn. However, as soon as the girls turn back to watch the picture, Warren puts the popcorn carton the floor, rises from his seat, walks up the aisle.

14. INT. THEATER-MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

14.

The men's room is empty. There are the usual urinals and wash basins, along with three sit-down toilets, each in its separate cubicle.

Warren, pulling on a pair of rubber medical gloves, enters the farthest cubicle (next to the wall) and locks the doors. Overhead is a small window. Warren steps onto the toilet seat, unfastens the window. We note both his strength and agility as he opens the window, hoists himself up and out.

15. EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

15.

It is dark, no one in sight. Warren takes out his wallet, extracts a small, thin sliver of steel. He inserts it in the side of the window, thereby preventing it from latching.

Swiftly, removing his gloves, he moves off down the alley, mind's eye fixed on his baleful purpose.

16. EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

16.

The CAMERA MOVES FORWARD, providing a POV shot of the Dodge van, parked deep in the moonlit woods. From the van come moans of pleasure, quickening as the lovers approach climax.

(CONTINUED)

17. FLASHBACK - DRAINED OF COLOR

17.

The flashback is soundless, eerily lighted, perhaps shot from a peculiar angle in order to convey a nightmarish sense of mental disorder.

Betty Johnson is angrily stalking from Warren's VW to the door of her APARTMENT HOUSE (NIGHT). Warren, likewise angry, comes running from his car, takes hold of her arm. She pulls loose, enters the apartment house, slams the door in his face.

18. INT. DODGE VAN

18.

We see the naked lovers, Dale and Betty, entangled on the van's unfolded bed.

The rear door of the van is flung open, causing Betty to CRY OUT. Dale scrambles to his feet, whirls around. A glint of reflected light as a narrow-bladed knife is thrust into his stomach and wrenched upward. Dale gives a long-drawn "Ah!", slowly sinks to the floor of the van.

Betty, whimpering in terror, is huddled in the corner.

19. FLASHBACK - DRAINED OF COLOR

19.

Betty is alone in the OFFICE COFFEE ROOM. We see a coffee machine, several other vending machines. Betty has inserted a coin. A cup drops. Coffee pours into the cup.

Betty wears a dress which zips up the back. A hand reaches out, unzips the dress, then zips it back up. Betty spins around. It is Warren who has taken the liberty.

With a slv, heckling smile, he picks up the coffee cup, holds it out to her. You get the feeling he is deliberately, compulsively goading her to anger, provoking the rejection, the retaliation that will justify whatever he does.

Sure enough, she swings her hand, sending cup and coffee flying. And stalks out. Warren's face and clothes are splattered with hot coffee.

20. BACK TO THE VAN

20.

The assailant is visible only in silhouette. All Betty can see is that he, too, is totally naked.

To be anonymous does not suit Warren's purpose. He shifts the knife to his left hand, with his right hand seizes her by the hair and drags her to the door.

(CONTINUED)

21. EXT. WOODS

21.

Warren drags the girl out of the van. She is whimpering: "Don't! Please! Don't hurt me!"

Warren jerks her head back to let her see who he is. She gasps. Warren lets go of her hair to shift the knife to his right hand. Betty lashes out, striking his arm. The knife flies from his hand. Betty runs. Warren retrieves the knife, goes racing after her.

22. THE CHASE

22.

Betty runs through the woods, clawing blindly through the thorny brush, near to strangling with terror. She stumbles and falls, lies there crouched, listening, hearing nothing.

She sees a path ahead, leading to a pond. She rises, runs toward the path. Warren leaps out from behind a tree, directly ahead. Betty impales herself on his knife. She falls against him, clings to him. He withdraws the knife. Her grasp weakens. She slides to the ground.

WARREN

He gazes down at her, then turns and follows the path to the pond. Gratified, as if he had experienced a tremendous orgasm, he walks into the water to cleanse himself and his knife.

23. EXT. ALLEYWAY - OUTSIDE THEATER - NIGHT

23.

Warren, dressed as we saw him before, wearing the rubber gloves, removes the sliver of steel, opens the men's room window, is startled to see --

24. INT. MEN'S ROOM

24.

A MAN stands at a urinal, his back to Warren. He finishes relieving himself, zips up his pants.

WARREN

Impatient, fearful of being seen, he holds one finger inside the window to keep it from closing. Takes another peek. The man is leaving.

25. INT. MEN'S ROOM

25.

Warren climbs inside, lowers himself to the toilet seat, pulls the window closed. With toilet paper he wipes the

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

toilet seat, removes the rubber gloves, flushes paper and gloves down the toilet.

26. INT. THEATER

26.

The film ends, house lights come on. Along with other patrons, Tina and Peg get up to leave. They see --

WARREN

He's in the same seat, in the same position, feet propped on the seat in front of him. As he gets up, he favors the girls with the same cocky smile.

27. INT. THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

27.

Patrons leaving, others arriving for the next performance. Into the lobby come Tina and Peg. Warren follows them.

WARREN

No hard feelings, I hope.

TINA

Want to bet?

WARREN

Come on, don't be like that.
Let's start over. You don't
like popcorn, how about a drink?
And don't tell me you're not
old enough.

Again, his manner is heckling, not ingratiating.

TINA

We're old enough, we're just
not that hard up for company.

If Tina wants no part of Warren, plain-faced Peg can't help being intrigued by his exceptional good looks.

PEG

Wait a minute. He's only trying
to be friendly.

(to Warren)

What did you have in mind?

This is not the response Warren has sought to evoke.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Forget it. I wouldn't want
to come between you and your
girlfriend. Good night,
sweethearts. Don't do anything
I couldn't do better.

He walks off. The girls exchange a shocked look.

28. EXT. WOODED AREA - CRANE SHOT - DAY

28.

The scene of the crime is roped off. Police cars are parked nearby. TV, Press and Radio REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN and PHOTOGRAPHERS, along with GAWKERS, are behind the ropes.

Inside the ropes is the Dodge van and an ambulance. Also POLICE PERSONNEL, MEDICAL EXAMINER, FORENSIC PEOPLE (fingerprints), etc.

FAVORING PRESS AND TV PEOPLE

Cameramen are shooting, newsmen holding out mikes. Most aggressive of the lot is a TV reporter named JERRY, who uses shoulders, elbows and a klaxon voice to nullify the competition.

JERRY

Do you know who they are? Can
you give us their names?

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN CLEM MOLONY is answering the questions, or better, evading them.

CAPT. MOLONY

Identification will be withheld
till the families are notified.

JERRY

Were they both naked? How were
they killed?

OTHERS

How long they been dead? Etc.

MOLONY

Until further investigation,
anything I might say would be
pure speculation.

Something O.S. causes cameramen to turn away and focus
their cameras on --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

SHOT

LT. LEO KESSLER emerges from the woods, following AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS carrying the body of Betty Johnson. Kessler is solidly built, a strong man, not just bodily, but in resolute, unyielding durability. You hear it in his voice, see it in his face, toughened by years of exposure to the most elemental, least permissible kinds of human behavior.

Never concerned about appearance, Kessler wears an open-neck sport shirt, rumpled slacks and jacket. Behind him we see other police personnel searching the area. Also a POLICE PHOTOG, shooting everything that might provide a clue.

Kessler, scouring the ground, spies something, near the Dodge van. A cigarette butt, pressed into the ground. He unfolds his handkerchief. With a twig, he kneels down, delicately spears the cigarette butt, carefully places it in his handkerchief.

MCANN

That's mine.

KESSLER

Huh?

MCANN

The cigarette butt. I dropped it.

Kessler rises to his feet, the cigarette butt still in his handkerchief.

KESSLER

Don't you know better than to drop anything where we're looking for evidence?

PAUL MCCANN is young (late twenties), good looking, well structured, well dressed in coordinated jacket, slacks, shirt and tie. Has a well educated manner of speaking.

MCANN

I wasn't thinking. Sorry.

(awkwardly)

Not a very propitious way to meet, is it? I'm Paul McAnn. I've been assigned to work with you.

KESSLER

Who says?

(CONTINUED)

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28 CONTINUED:

CAPT. MOLONY

Me. I'm trying him out.

Capt. Molony enters the scene. He's a brusque, authoritative man.

CAPT. MOLONY

I figure if he gets along with you,
he can get along with anybody. Been
a patrol cop three years, got a lot
to learn, which I'm sure you'll make
a point of telling him.

*
*
*
*
*

That kind of question even Kessler doesn't answer.

CAPT. MOLONY

Lt. Kessler may not know everything,
but what he doesn't know isn't
worth knowing, so listen to what
he says.

Kessler holds out his handkerchief, on which rests the
cigarette butt.

KESSLER

Take it.

(McAnn takes it)

Put it in your pocket.

(McAnn does so)

Don't ever do anything like
that again, you hear?

MCANN

I hear.

CAPT. MOLONY

Okay, let's get busy.

He leads the way to the ambulance. The body of Betty Johnson
is being loaded inside.

CAPT. MOLONY

Notice anything about the way
she was killed?

KESSLER

(immediately)

Lorraine Partridge. Killed in
April, the same way.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

CAPT. MOLONY

Right.

MCANN

Captain Molony and I think the boy is incidental. It's the girl he was after - the killer. The boy just had the bad luck to be with her.

Kessler does not favor McAnn's fluent, academic style of speech, nor his choice of words. A wry, ironic echo --

KESSLER

Bad luck.

29.INT. MORGUE - DAY

29

The two bodies are on tables, covered with sheets. Present are Kessler, McAnn, Capt. Molony, the MEDICAL EXAMINER, FORENSIC MAN, CRIME LAB TECHNICIAN and whoever else would be involved. They surround the body of Betty Johnson.

The Medical Examiner is giving his report, using the sterile jargon of his trade --

MED. EXAMINER

In the case of both victims, wounds were inflicted by a pointed instrument with a blade length of approximately six inches...

KESSLER

A switchblade, same as the Partridge girl.

The Medical Examiner resents Kessler's grating manner.

MED. EXAMINER

It's true the blade length is similar to that of a switchblade, but...

KESSLER

It was a switchblade. Go ahead.

MED. EXAMINER

(restraining himself)
Death was caused by severing of intestines and major arteries, causing massive hemorrhaging...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Okay, what else?

The Medical Examiner displays a sample of blood (in whatever container would be used)

MED. EXAMINER

The Johnson girl's blood is the least common type - A-B negative. In addition, there is evidence of hepatitis infection, now dormant.

KESSLER

You got that?

His question is addressed to McAnn, who is taking notes. By way of answer, McAnn holds up his notebook.

MCANN

Got it, Sir.

CAPT. MOLONY

Any semen?

MED. EXAMINER

No. No evidence she was raped by the killer.

KESSLER

I could've told you that.

MED. EXAMINER

(steaming)

On the basis of what, may I ask?

KESSLER

Anybody who does this, his penis is a knife.

30. INT. COUNTY BUILDING WORKROOM - DAY

30

CLOSE SHOT of a leather kit with numerous scabbard-like compartments. A hand draws forth a long thin screwdriver. With it the hand probes inside an electric typewriter.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose Warren Stacey in a clean, crisp white smock. In the workroom are several typewriters and other office machines (some disassembled), along with a variety of tools, supplies, testing equipment, etc.

Warren picks up the typewriter, goes out.

(CONTINUED)

31. INT. COUNTY OFFICE - DAY

31

A large room, some twenty-odd desks, at which some twenty-odd CLERKS, mostly girls, are typing, sorting forms, etc.

Warren carries the typewriter to a desk occupied by KAREN SMALLEY (seen earlier with Betty Johnson, her best friend and roommate).

KAREN is having a difficult time with the Office Supervisor MRS. BYRD. Subject of the discussion is the desk across the aisle, which is unoccupied, the typewriter covered.

KAREN

I'm sure she'll be here soon.
I guess maybe she overslept.

MRS. BYRD

You guess maybe? Don't you
and Betty live together?

Warren stands there with the typewriter, listening without expression.

KAREN

Yes, but you see uh sometimes
she spends the night with a
friend.

MRS. BYRD

(dryly)
A friend.

KAREN

Another friend.

MRS. BYRD

When she comes in, I want to
see her.

(testily)
What is it, Warren?

WARREN

This is Karen's typewriter.

MRS. BYRD

Well, put it down.

WARREN

Yes, ma'am.

The phone is ringing in Mrs. Byrd's office. She leaves.
Warren places the typewriter on Karen's desk.

WARREN

Works fine now. Just needed
cleaning

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

KAREN
(not very cordial)
Thanks.

WARREN
You're welcome.

He continues to stand there, half smiling.

KAREN
If I need you, I'll call you.

Warren nods in the direction of the empty desk across the aisle. In that familiar heckling voice --

WARREN
Guess maybe she'd better change
her sleeping habits, hmmm?

KAREN
Warren, would you mind your own
goddamn business!

WARREN
What do I care? If she wants to
screw around and lose her job,
what's that to me?

KAREN
Go away, Warren!

32.INT. MRS. BYRD'S OFFICE

32 ..

A small office in the corner, partitioned off with glass.
Mrs. Byrd on the phone.

MRS. BYRD
Yes, but she hasn't come in yet.
...What? Who is this? What are
you saying?...Oh, no! Oh my God,
no!

33.THE OFFICE - FAVORING WARREN AND KAREN

33

Mrs. Byrd's voice, clearly heard, causes all work to stop.
Karen freezes. Warren's face is a blank.

Mrs. Byrd comes out of the office stunned. She walks to
Karen. Barely able to speak --

MRS. BYRD
Betty 's dead. She's been murdered.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

Some girls gasp, others cry out. Karen gives a long, anguished "Ohhh!" Others crowd around. "That's awful! Horrible! What happened? Who did it?" Etc.

Warren alone shows no emotion. But then, feeling a response is called for, he adds his voice to the others --

WARREN
That's terrible.

34. SHOT OF KESSLER'S CAR - DAY

34

A plain, unmarked car, driving through a residential area, mostly older houses, stores and shops.

35. INT. KESSLER'S CAR - TRAVELING SHOT

35

Kessler, taking advantage of his seniority, lets McAnn do the driving. McAnn is not enjoying his first day.

MCANN
Three years as a patrol cop, you
learn to adjust to most anything.
But this sort of thing...
(philosophically)
I suppose in time you become
inured.

A ain Kessler is irked by McAnn's pedantic style of speech.

KESSLER
Become what?

MCANN
Able to face the parents of a
girl who's been butchered.

KESSLER
You put on an act, like an undertaker,
solemn face, deep regret, but all
you're there for is information.
That's it, that's all.

Again McAnn is annoyed by Kessler's condescension. Rather than replying, he pulls out his pack of cigarettes.

MCANN
You smoke?

KESSLER
Not any more. If you're smart,
you'd quit too.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MCANN

Filthy habit, hazardous to your health, offensive to everyone around you. Have I left out anything?

He lights up from his Zippo. Kessler envies him the cigarette, but more, he is irritated by all that bookish palaver.

KESSLER

Know what you sound like? A college professor.

MCANN

That's not too surprising. My father's a professor at Berkeley. Social psychology.

KESSLER

And you a cop?

MCANN

I don't believe you have a low regard for cops. What I do believe is, you regard me as a profound pain in the ass.

KESSLER

You know what? You finally said something I agree with.

Kessler comes close to smiling. So does McAnn. More a token smile, however, than a declaration of amity.

MCANN

I'll try to raise my standard of performance.

KESSLER

That shouldn't be hard.

Which makes for a temporary cease fire. Kessler, looking around, finds himself in familiar territory.

KESSLER

What do you know. I used to live around here.

(punts)

That there was a drugstore.

(CONTINUED)

36.POV SHOT

36

An empty building on the corner.

KESSLER (V.O.)
Owner got hooked on morphine.
His wife tried to have him put
away, so he killed her.

37.BACK TO SCENE

37

KESSLER
Jury found him temporarily insane.
Six months in the nuthouse,
pronounced cured. Week later
shot his parole officer.

They turn a corner, start down a street of old houses.

KESSLER
Is this the street? You sure?

McAnn pulls a slip of paper from his jacket pocket.

MCANN
That's what it says here. Mr.
and Mrs. F.L. Johnson.

McAnn has pulled up in front of a small old house, nicely
painted in good repair.

KESSLER
Jesus!

MCANN
You know them?

KESSLER
My daughter and their daughter...
shit!

Kessler draws a painful breath, opens the door. McAnn opens
the door on his side.

KESSLER
You wait here.

MCANN
Wouldn't it be easier if I...?

KESSLER
No.

Kessler walks to the door, presses the bell.
McAnn sitting in the car, watches.

(CONTINUED)

38.DOOR OF JOHNSON HOUSE - DAY

38

FRED JOHNSON opens the door. A stocky, middle-aged man, a construction worker. He's unshaven, wears a robe and slippers.

JOHNSON
I don't believe it! Leo, it's
good to see you!
(calls)
Marge, come here! Margie!
(to Kessler)
Excuse my appearance, I'm on
night shift, just got up.
(to his wife)
Look who's here!

MARGE JOHNSON, a plump, cheerful housewife appears.

MRS. JOHNSON
Leo Kessler! My Lord, look at
you, you haven't changed a bit!
How long has it been?

Her husband stops her, having noted Kessler's expression.

JOHNSON
What is it, Leo.

McAnn sits in the car, painfully watching and hearing --

KESSLER(O.S.)
Let's go in.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
What's wrong? What is it?

39.MCANN'S POV

39

Kessler goes inside. The door closes. Hold for a moment.

40.SHOT OF KESSLER'S CAR - FROM A DISTANCE - DAY

40

Kessler gets in, slams the door. The car pulls away from the curb, McAnn at the wheel.

41.INT. KESSLER'S CAR - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

41

Kessler, badly shaken, is trying to smother his feelings. No way. Twisting the knife --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Put on an act...like an undertaker...

MCANN

When you said that, I didn't think you meant it.

Kessler does not seek to be understood or sympathized with.

KESSLER

Can't you drive any faster?

McAnn tromps on the gas. The car leaps forward.

42.INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

42

This is the apartment which was shared by Karen Smalley and Betty Johnson. Karen sits on the sofa, eyes swollen from crying. Kessler is questioning her, McAnn taking notes.

KESSLER

Before what's-his-name, Dale Anders, who else?

KAREN

She dated a lot of fellows... never a night somebody didn't call up...

KESSLER

Who all did she go to bed with?

MCANN

I wish we didn't have to ask, Karen, but we're looking for a motive.

KESSLER

I want all the names you can remember.

KAREN

Before Dale, there was Larry Williams...Lew Porter...George Latham...

(sudden thought)

Wait, there was this fellow who called up a lot of times - Mexican or something, every now and then he'd say something in Spanish...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

His name?

KAREN

He'd never say his name. All
he called up for was to, you
know, talk dirty.

KESSLER

To both of you?

KAREN

Only Betty.

Kulick points to McAnn's notebook.

KESSLER

Check them out. Find out if
any of them speak Spanish.

(to Karen)

Come with me.

(helps her up)

I know it's hard on you, but
I want you to show me all her
belongings, everything.

He leads her into --

43 INT. KAREN'S (AND BETTY'S) BEDROOM

43

KAREN

I hope you won't, you know, make
her look cheap. She wasn't,
honestly. I mean, if you'd only
known her...

KESSLER

(quietly, gently)

I knew her.

43A EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE POOL - DAY

43A

A dark-haired, good-looking young fellow (LARRY WILLIAMS)
completes his quota of laps in the pool. He climbs out,
grabs a towel, heads for his ground-floor apartment,
which opens onto the pool deck.

At the sliding-door entrance to the apartment stands
McAnn. He opens his wallet, shows his badge.

(CONTINUED)

43A CONTINUED:

MCANN

Mr. Williams? Detective McAnn.
You were a friend of Betty
Johnson?

WILLIAMS

(reluctantly)

I knew her, yes.

MCANN

You heard what happened to her?

WILLIAMS

Look, I don't know a thing.
Haven't seen her in weeks.

MCANN

Puedo hablar con usted?

WILLIAMS

What did you say?

MCANN

From your looks I thought you
might be Spanish.

WILLIAMS

What gave you that idea?

MCANN

(blandly)

I really couldn't say. May I
come in?

Williams motions to him. They enter the apartment house.

43B INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

43B

A Mercedes dealer. Kessler is with a sharp young car
salesman, LEW PORTER. They are standing by a handsome
new car.

PORTER

Sure wish I could help you,
Lieutenant. She was a
terrific girl.

KESSLER

Thanks for talking to me,
Mr. Porter. I appreciate it.
(a glance at the
car)

Quanto costa este carro?

(CONTINUED)

43B CONTINUED:

PORTER

Come again?

KESSLER

Funny, I thought you had a Spanish accent. How much for this?

PORTER

(he brightens)

The sticker price is forty thousand...

(confidentially)

...but we like to stay on the right side of the law, so I'm sure we can knock something off for you.

KESSLER

Knock off thirty-nine thousand, you got a deal.

43C EXT. MARINA - DAY

43C

McAnn is talking to a husky young boat owner (GEORGE LATHAM). They are standing on the dock. In the b.g., on the boat, we see a GIRL, trying to hear what's being said. For her benefit --

LATHAM

Betty Johnson spend the night here? I'm no gash hound!

(he motions toward girl)

I've got a girl, a wonderful girl! When I make a commitment, that's it!

MCANN

Glad to hear it, Mr. Latham.

(lowers his voice)

Did she spend the night here?

Latham, too, lowers his voice --

LATHAM

There've been so many I can't remember. Don't ask me why, but girls are crazy about boats. Best investment I ever made.

43D INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

43D

In a crowded room (detectives, uniformed officers, people being questioned, etc.) Kessler and McAnn are typing out reports. For Kessler, typing is tedious, two-fingered labor. McAnn, on the other hand, using the touch system, types as fluently as he speaks, which Kessler both envies and resents.

FAVORING KESSLER

While Kessler types, he listens to a grubby, gap-toothed LOONEY, who punctuates his statement with bizarre gestures.

LOONEY

Nestor Crittenden, that's two
T's, tell you zactly how I done
it, with a straight-edge razor,
that's how I kill 'em all.
When I catch 'em breaking the
Lord's commandment, I cut 'em
to ribbons. You gonna put me
in jail, huh? Huh?

Kessler signals a uniformed COP. As he continues typing --

KESSLER

Not today, Nestor. We're full
up today. Come back next week.

The cop leads Nestor out. The reporter (JERRY), seen earlier, has come in, sidled up to Kessler's desk, craning his neck, trying to read what he's typing.

KESSLER

Don't do that, Jerry.

JERRY

What's new, Leo? You onto
something?

KESSLER

The captain has issued a
statement.

McAnn, at the adjoining desk, stops typing to listen.

JERRY

I could fart a better
statement than that.

(sotto)

Are we friends or not?
I won't quote you directly.

Kessler stops typing. In a THUNDEROUS voice --

(CONTINUED)

43D CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Won't quote me? Won't mention
my name on TV? And you call
yourself a friend?

Silence in the room, all eyes on the Reporter. McAnn's
respect for Kessler elevates.

JERRY

That's not nice, Leo.

KESSLER

I'm not a nice man, Jerry. I'm
a mean, selfish son of a bitch.
You want a story? What I want
comes first. I want the killer.

44 EXT. CEMETERY - CRANE SHOT - AFTERNOON

44

An open grave, a casket blanketed with flowers, a MINISTER
conducting the burial service. A large number of mourners
on hand.

The ceremony and those in attendance are seen from the
POV of Kessler and McAnn, who have positioned themselves
off to one side, in order to have full view of everyone
present.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Mrs. Byrd, Betty's office supervisor, is there, along with the entire office staff. Seated with the staff is Warren Stacey, in a dark blue suit, looking properly somber.

During the above, and what follows, we could hear the Minister reciting the Lord's Prayer. Or perhaps the following traditional burial service:

MINISTER

In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for comfort but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

As we first see Warren, the following line would have special significance:

MINISTER

Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts. Shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer.

(Etc., as much as needed to cover the visual.)

During the prayer, we see --

FRONT ROW

Here are the Johnsons (Betty's parents) and Karen, Betty's roommate. Seated nearby is LAURIE Kessler.

Laurie is in her early twenties. While not a classic beauty, she instantly captures the eye.

MCANN AND KESSLER

Kessler's eyes roam the crowd. McAnn's attention is caught and held by --

LAURIE

She turns and looks at --

MCANN AND KESSLER

Kessler is not aware that Laurie is looking in his direction. McAnn, very much aware, returns her look with interest. (NOTE: At this point, he does not know that she is Kessler's daughter.)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

AT THE CASKET

The ceremony ends. The Johnsons, in tears, rise to thank the Minister.

MCANN AND KESSLER

McAnn has lit a cigarette, earning him a scowl from Kessler, who wishes he could do the same.

Here comes Laurie. McAnn, pleasantly surprised, prepares to say hello. She speaks first --

LAURIE

Hello, Dad.

KESSLER

How are you, sweetheart?

They exchange a perfunctory kiss on the cheek. McAnn is deflated, Laurie seemingly oblivious to him.

LAURIE

I'm sick. Wasn't so long ago
she was my very best friend.

In the b.g., covertly watching and listening, we see --

WARREN STACEY

He stands apart from the office staff, apparently wrapped in gloom, but alert to everything going on.

LAURIE (V.O.)

Have you found out anything?
Or shouldn't I ask?

BACK TO SCENE

KESSLER

We're working on it, me and McAnn
here. ... My daughter, Laurie.
See you in a minute.

He walks off. Laurie and McAnn are left alone. McAnn has spoken a polite "How do you do, Miss Lessler." Laurie gives him a once over.

LAURIE

You're a cop?

MCANN

So they tell me.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

LAURIE
You don't look like one.

MCANN
Your father seems to be of the
same opinion.

LAURIE
You don't sound like one either.

MCANN
Is that good or bad?

LAURIE
I didn't say good or bad. All
I said was, you don't look like
a cop.

The conversation lags.

MCANN
Do you live with your father?

LAURIE
(flatly)
No. When Mom died, he and I sort
of went our own ways. I'm a
student nurse.

MCANN
(affably)
You don't look like a nurse.

LAURIE
What's a nurse look like?

WARREN STACY

Again we note that he is watching and listening.

MCANN (V.O.)
For one thing, most nurses I've
seen aren't particularly attractive.
You are.

BACK TO SCENE

LAURIE
(pained)
What's that got to do with being
a nurse? Or anything?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

McAnn gives up trying to make a good impression.

MCANN

You take after your father, don't you?

LAURIE

In what way?

MCANN

Many ways.

LAURIE

You think so? I don't. Excuse me.

She walks off to join Karen (Betty's roommate). McAnn calls after her wryly --

MCANN

Nice talking to you, Miss Kessler.

LAURIE

She doesn't answer. She has caught sight of Warren Stacey, who has been hovering nearby, tuned in to everything going on.

Laurie eyes him curiously, trying to place him.

LAURIE

Don't I know you?

WARREN

Do you?

LAURIE

I'm Laurie Kessler. Haven't we met before?

WARREN

Have we?

He just stares at her, making her uncomfortable.

LAURIE

Maybe not.

She walks on to join Karen, who is off to one side, weeping. Warren watches her go with the same glacial stare.

KESSLER AND JOHNSON

Kessler shakes hands with Johnson (Betty's father), who is desperately dispirited.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

JOHNSON

Thanks for coming. Anything to report?

KESSLER

Not yet, but we'll get him. That's a promise.

JOHNSON

I thought of something, could be important. Betty always kept a diary...everything she did... everybody she went out with...

WARREN

It's a shock. For the first time, we see him unnerved, his instability manifested in an almost catatonic response.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

...too many... some of them the worst kind...

BACK TO SCENE

Johnson's anguished mea culpa causes tears to flow.

KESSLER

Okay, Fred...easy now... easy...

JOHNSON

I said she was acting like a tramp... that's why she left home...I shouldn't have, but a girl who goes out with just anybody...

He breaks down. Kessler leads him to a chair. He drops into the chair, hands covering his face.

SHOT

CAMERA finds Warren Stacey. He is getting into his car, body still taut, eyes still staring.

45. INT. KAREN'S (AND BETTY'S) APARTMENT - LATE DAY

45

The apartment is on the second floor. An open window in the LIVING ROOM shows us how Warren got in. A ledge outside the window leads to a fire escape.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

Wearing the same rubber gloves he wore earlier, Warren is frantically opening desk drawers in the living room. No sign of a diary. He curses silently, hurries into --

46. INT. KAREN'S (AND BETTY'S) BEDROOM - DAY

46

Twin beds, a lamp table between them. Warren opens the drawer of the lamp table. Cigarettes, a manicure set, a paperback book, but no diary.

Across the room is a dressing table - a mirror, center drawer and side drawers. He opens the side drawers. We get a glimpse of cosmetics, Kleenex, curlers, hair dryer, etc. But no diary.

He tries the center drawer. It is locked. He tugs at it, can't budge it, rushes out of the room.

47. INT. KAREN'S (AND BETTY'S) KITCHENETTE

47

In the sink is a set of knives, in a holder. Warren takes a carving knife, hurries back to --

48. THE BEDROOM

48

He inserts the carving knife above the drawer, trying to dislodge the lock. Almost succeeds, but the knife slips.

Again he inserts the knife. At which moment he HEARS the FRONT DOOR UNLOCKED. He freezes, registering stark terror.

49. THE LIVING ROOM

49

Karen enters, pulls her key from the door, drops keychain into her purse. She is tired, hollows under her eyes. She goes into --

50. THE BEDROOM

50

Karen tosses her purse on the bed, slips off her shoes, unzips her dress, takes it off. We SEE a closet door, slightly ajar.

51. INT. CLOSET

51

A shaft of light through the barely open door, reveals Warren, pressed against the rear of the closet, dresses and slacks pulled around him. In his hand is the carving knife.

(CONTINUED)

52.KAREN

52

From the bathroom, she takes a light robe, slips it on. She picks up her dress, starts for the closet to hang it up. The PHONE RINGS. She tosses the dress on the bed, goes into --

53.THE LIVING ROOM

53

KAREN
(answers phone)
Hello?...Hi, Tim.

We HEAR a young male voice (TIM) asking solicitously --

TIM (V.O.)
How are you bearing up?

KAREN
I'm a wreck. Can't sleep.
(weepily)
Can't stop crying.

TIM (V.O.)
I'm coming over...take you out.

KAREN
You're a darling, but I just
don't feel like going anywhere.

54.WARREN

54

In the CLOSET, he HEARS only Karen's side of the conversation. Furiously, he is praying for her to say yes, to go. His hopes rise, HEARING --

KAREN (V.O.)
Maybe you're right. Sure no
fun being here alone.
(however)
I don't know. I'm not very hungry,
and I'm so tired.

Teeth clenched, he peers through the crack in the door. He SEES --

55.WARREN'S POV

55

The locked center drawer of the dressing table, across the room, only a few steps away, with no possibility of getting there, nor to escape without being seen.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

KAREN (V.O.)
I think I'll just have a bite
to eat, try to get some rest.

56.KAREN

56

KAREN
(on the phone)
Come on over in a couple of hours,
okay?...You're an angel. 'Bye.

She hangs up, starts for the kitchen. On the way, she picks up a portable RADIO, turns it on. A soft, sentimental tune.

About to enter the kitchen, Karen sees the living room window open. She is puzzled, can't remember opening it. But maybe she did it without thinking.

57.WARREN'S POV

57

Through the crack in the door he sees Karen close the window and lock it.

58.WARREN - IN THE CLOSET

58

His emotional instability causes him to see this as a cruel entrapment, a threat to his very existence. Rage takes hold, converging Warren's face to a demonic mask, a transformation made more bizarre by the saccharine tune from Karen's radio.

59.KAREN

59

In the KITCHEN, Karen has put a frying pan on the stove, put butter in the pan. It sizzles. Now a slice of bread in the electric toaster. She presses the lever, turning it on.

She opens the refrigerator, takes out two eggs, places them next to the stove. She swirls the frying pan around, so that the butter will coat the bottom of the pan. Picks up an egg, cracks it. A hiss as the egg settles into the pan. Now the same with the second egg.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

She turns to toss the eggshells into the sink. A knife - the carving knife - is thrust into her stomach and wrenched upward. All we hear from Karen is a gasp.

The last thing she sees, her horror-stricken eyes already glazed, is --

WARREN

Except for the gloves he is totally naked. Watching Karen sink to the floor, he shows neither pity nor remorse. It's as though, out of necessity, he had killed a coiled snake.

He turns on the water hastily, washes the blood off the knife, then hurries into --

60. THE BEDROOM

60

Once more he maneuvers the knife into the locked drawer of the dressing table. This time he succeeds in forcing the lock. He opens the drawer. Inside is a box, red with gold lettering. The lettering reads: MY DIARY.

He grabs the box, opens it. The box is empty. His search for the diary has yielded nothing, except for the death of Karen.

61. INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -
EVENING

61

Warren is climbing the stairs of his second floor apartment, carrying a bag of groceries. It is later the same day; therefore, he wears the same dark blue suit he wore to the funeral (and to Karen's apartment).

He reaches the top of the stairs. At his door, waiting for him, are Kessler and McAnn. They show their badges.

KESSLER

Mr. Stacey? Lt. Kessler... Detective
McAnn. Can we talk to you?

Warren displays admirable self control. His every word and gesture seem an expression of a trance-like calm.

WARREN

Didn't I see you at the funeral?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

And we saw you.

MCANN

Been shopping, have you?

WARREN

You're very observant.

(unlocks the door)

Come in, please.

(Hears an odd SOUND)

What's that?

McAnn pulls back his jacket, revealing a walkie-talkie RADIO, hooked to his belt. It is turned low, but during the scene, from time to time, we HEAR muted calls from Police Central.

MCANN

Miracle of modern science.

62. INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

62

As they enter, Warren turns on a light.

WARREN

Sit down, please. I'll just put these things away.

Warren takes the bag of groceries to his kitchenette, puts bread in a drawer, fruit in a bowl, meat, cottage cheese and milk in the refrigerator, etc.

While Warren is thus occupied, we INTERCUT to Kessler and McAnn. They examine the apartment, making mental notes of what they see: scrupulous neatness, macho pictures on the wall, Warren in Karate outfit, the potted plants. And something else.

SHOT

Neatly stacked on a table are film magazines and martial arts magazines. Also newspapers of the last several days, starting with the murder of Betty Johnson and Dale Anders.

THE INTERVIEW

While Kessler and McAnn are thus occupied in the living room, Warren in the kitchen --

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Nice place. How long you lived here?

WARREN

About a year.

MCANN

Appears you're something of a movie buff.

WARREN

I try to see everything worthwhile.

KESSLER

Into Karate, are you?

WARREN

It helps me keep in shape.

MCANN

Nothing takes the place of regular exercise.

All nice and friendly - up to now. Warren enters from the kitchen and sits down, a conscious effort to appear relaxed.

Kessler and McAnn alternately sit, stand and move around, posing questions from different directions. They also play differing roles. Kessler is blunt, brusque, suspicious; McAnn, pleasant, agreeable, understanding.

Kessler picks up a couple of newspapers with front-page accounts of the murder.

KESSLER

I see you keep yourself informed.

WARREN

It's not often someone you know personally gets murdered.

KESSLER

How well did you know her?

WARREN

Same as the other girls in the office.

MCANN

Ever take her out?

WARREN

Once.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

MCANN

Only once?

WARREN

She wasn't my type.

KESSLER

We've talked to just about everybody
she went out with. Maybe you
can shed some light on what we've
learned.

Kessler has taken a leatheroid-bound book from his pocket.
Certain pages are marked with paper clips.

WARREN

What's that?

KESSLER

Her diary. Her roommate gave
it to us.

*
*

Warren's eyes flicker, the only evidence of the shock he
sustains.

MCANN

She kept what you might call a
graphic record of her experiences.

KESSLER

For instance.

(he reads)

"So conceited that when he said,
did I want to go to bed with him,
it was like he was doing me a
favor." That's Larry Williams.
You know him?

WARREN

No.

KESSLER

(he reads)

"Always talking about his Cadillac
and cabin cruiser, but never once
bothered to mention having a wife."
Lew Porter. Know him?

WARREN

No.

Warren maintains his stoic calm. Kessler turns some pages.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

(he reads)

"Good looking, but what a creep. Made my skin crawl when he put his arm around me. I said I was having my period, but he wouldn't stop. I told him to get lost."

(turns more pages)

"The creep called me up again. I said I was busy. He said he didn't believe me."

(turns more pages)

"The creep asked me to the office picnic. I said I had a date. He said I was lying. That made me mad. I said I wouldn't go with him if he was the last man alive."

(closes the book)

Know who that is? I'll give you a hint. You.

To all appearances, Warren remains unshaken.

WARREN

They say one shouldn't speak ill of the dead, but the truth is, she was not a nice person. No morals at all. And terrible manners.

MCANN

I know what you mean. A man can take only so much abuse before he strikes back.

WARREN

That's not what I mean.

KESSLER

Where were you on the night of the sixth?

WARREN

At the Galaxy Theater.

KESSLER

Betty was murdered on the seventh.

WARREN

I assumed you meant the night of the murder.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Anybody see you?

WARREN

The cashier. The Manager. A couple of girls I talked to.

KESSLER

What was the movie?

WARREN

"Towering Inferno". A revival.

MCANN

The one with Newman and Redford?

WARREN

Newman and McQueen.

(scornfully)

Shall I tell you the rest of the cast. What it's about?

KESSLER

That won't be necessary.

Kessler has stopped being Mr. Tough Guy, becomes Mr. Nice Guy.

KESSLER

These are the games we have to play - with everybody. Nothing personal. Just like to ask you one favor.

WARREN

What's that?

KESSLER

Can I use your bathroom?

He is already on the way. What can Warren say?

WARREN

Help yourself.

Kessler enters and closes the bathroom door. Immediately McAnn starts talking - louder than usual. Examines a bullfighter poster.

MCANN

This is first rate - narvelous color. I've never seen a bullfight, have you?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

WARREN

A couple.

MCANN

In Mexico?

WARREN

Tijuana.

63. INT. WARREN'S BATHROOM

63

Kessler has closed the wash basin drain and turned on the water - a trickle which sounds like he is urinating. Quickly he examines a magazine rack alongside the toilet. There he finds several magazines, among them a pornographic magazine, which we SEE. It features male homosexuals.

During the above (and what follows) we HEAR:

MCANN (V.O.)

Are they as gory as people say?

WARREN (V.O.)

Not if you think of it as a spectacle.

MCANN (V.O.)

Right, we shouldn't be so quick to pass judgment. After all, football is a fairly brutal sport, isn't it? And prizefights? Two gorillas beating each other to a pulp? Nothing very elevating about that, is there?

Kessler examines the contents of the medicine cabinet, then the cupboard and drawers beneath the wash basin. Towels, soap, toilet paper, etc. The bottom drawer contains another article, which Kessler brings forth.

CLOSE SHOT

What Kessler holds in his hand is a suction-type masturbator. He puts it back in the drawer.

64. INT. LIVING ROOM

64

McAnn points to the bullfight poster.

MCANN

What does this mean?

(horrible accent)

Corrida de toros?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Warren corrects his pronunciation, saying it properly.

WARREN
It means bullfight.

MCANN
You speak Spanish?

WARREN
A little.

We have several times faintly HEARD A DISPATCHER'S VOICE on McAnn's walkie-talkie RADIO. Now the DISPATCHER'S VOICE delivers a message, in code, which causes McAnn to turn up the volume. The coded message is repeated. To Warren --

MCANN
May I use your phone?

WARREN
Of course.

McAnn Dials. Identifies himself, gets a response, during which we HEAR the TOILET FLUSH. Kessler comes out of the bathroom. McAnn motions to him. Kessler takes the phone.

KESSLER
Kessler.
(listens)
Who?

65.INT POLICE OFFICE

65

Capt. Molony is on the phone. Impatient as always, and grim --

CAPT. MOLONY
Karen Smalley, the girl Betty Johnson lived with. In her apartment. Meet you there.

66.BACK TO SCENE

66

Kessler hangs up. With an effort, he composes himself before turning to face Warren.

KESSLER
Much obliged for your help.
Sorry to bother you.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

warren
That's okay. If there's
anything I can do...

KESSLER
We'll be in touch.

He and McAnn leave. The moment the door closes, Warren leans his head back, breathing a sigh of relief.

67. INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Present are many of the same people we saw at the scene of Betty Johnson's murder: Kessler, McAnn, Capt. Molony, the Medical Examiner, Forensic Men, Uniformed Officers, etc.

68. INT. KITCHEN

68

A police photographer is methodically shooting Karen's body from all angles. A forensic man is placing the carving knife in a plastic bag. Others are dusting for fingerprints. All in a day's work.

Kessler, in contrast, radiates a terrible fury as he stares at the torn, blood-smeared body of the young girl. Unable to stand the sight, he walks out.

69. INT. LIVING ROOM

69

Sitting on the sofa, in a state of shock, is TIM BAILEY, Karen's boyfriend. Capt. Molony stands over him. Kessler enters in time to hear --

CAPT. MOLONY
Morton here will take you downtown.
We'll want a statement.

TIM
I didn't do it! Christ almighty,
she was my girl!

CAPT. MOLONY
It's rough, Tim, I know.

He gives Tim's shoulder a comforting squeeze. Kessler raging inwardly, has walked on, into --

(CONTINUED)

70 KAREN'S BEDROOM

70

Kessler joins McAnn at the dressing table, the drawer open, the open box with MY DIARY on the lid. An officer is dusting table and box for fingerprints. Capt. Molony enters.

CAPT. MOLONY

That's where you found the diary?

KESSLER

Yup.

CAPT. MOLONY

You figure that's what he was looking for?

*
*

KESSLER

And a strong hunch who it was.

*

CAPT. MOLONY

Hunches aren't very reliable.

*

KESSLER

Unless you're sure they're right.
My hunch is, we got our man.

*
*

71 EXT. PARK - DAY

71

Warren, wearing a sweat suit, is jogging through the wooded park. A STREAM runs alongside the trail. As Warren rounds a bend in the trail, his pace slows. Now he stops altogether, riveted by what he sees.

POV

Wading in the stream is a GIRL, a child of no more than ten, with only a suggestion of yet unformed breasts. On the bank of the stream are her dress and a pair of sandals. She wears nothing but underpants.

WARREN

He stands transfixed, no outward sign of unimaginable thoughts and impulses seizing hold of him.

He moves forward silently. Reaches the bank of the stream. The girl senses his presence, turns around.

GIRL

Whew, you scared me!

The way Warren stares at her makes her uneasy.

GIRL

I forgot to bring my swim-suit
or anything.

(no reply)

I think I'll get dressed now.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

Whis is by way of asking him to go away. Warren picks up her dress, holds it out to her, dangling it from one finger. The girl hesitates, then starts toward shore. When she is almost within reach of her dress --

VOICE (O.S.)

Susan!

Warren, startled, looks off.

WARREN'S POV

A woman (SUSAN'S MOTHER) emerges from the trees.

MOTHER

What are you doing?

REVERSE

Warren drops the dress, turns and trots off, into the woods.

WARREN

Eyes opaque, face a blank, he HEARS --

MOTHER (V.O.)

Don't you every do that again!
Ever!

72.EXT. WARREN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE DAY

72

Warren, still in jogging suit, parks his VW, gets out, locks the car, starts toward the apartment building.

A handsome YOUNG MAN is approaching, eyeing him in a speculative fashion. As the little girl in the park was made uneasy by Warren's staring at her, Warren reacts in much the same way. The young man smiles, takes out a cigarette. His voice is soft, insinuating.

YOUNG MAN

.Hi. Got a match?

WARREN

I don't smoke.

YOUNG MAN

Oh? What do you do?

WARREN

What's that to you?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN

Just asking. No harm asking,
is there? Hmm? Is there?

Warren is frustrated, as though these sly, probing questions
had penetrated to a deeply hidden secret.

WARREN

Get away from me, faggot, or
I'll smash your face!

YOUNG MAN

Sorry. My mistake.
(faintly mocking)
I guess.

He walks on. Warren glares at him then continues toward
the entrance to the apartment building. Another disturbing
sight awaits him.

73. ENTRANCE TO WARREN'S APARTMENT BUILDING

73

At the entrance to the building is Lessler, an obvious
witness to the encounter. Kessler smiles. Not what
you'd call a reassuring smile.

74. INT. POLICE "FISHBOWL" - NIGHT

74

The walls are dead white. Furnishings consist of a desk
and half a dozen chairs. On the desk is a microphone,
directly in front of Warren Stacey. On the desk, also,
is a tape recorder, in operation.

In the room, besides Warren, are Kessler, Capt. Molony,
a couple of other detectives and DEP. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
NATHAN ZAGER, who is in his thirties - quick, articulate,
as unfeeling as a computer.

Kessler is going after Warren, pounding at his story,
hacking at his impassive calm. This has been going on
for some time, as evidenced by cigarette butts, empty
coffee cups, and general weariness.

KESSLER

After the funeral, you went from
the cemetery to the market.

WARREN

I did?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

But you didn't get home till
three hours after the funeral.
That's a long time to spend in
the market.

WARREN

Are you telling me or asking me?

ZAGER

Warren, you were informed or
your right to remain silent.
You agreed to answer questions.

WARREN

He's not asking questions, he's
making charges.

ZAGER

Only my office, the D.A.'s office,
can bring charges. You're not
charged with anything.

KESSLER

I'll make it easy for you. After
the funeral, where did you go?

WARREN

For a walk. In the park.

KESSLER

Why?

WARREN

I was upset. I felt bad

KESSLER

About what?

WARREN

When someone you know is murdered,
maybe you feel good. I don't.
I feel bad.

KESSLER

Even though she was not a nice
person? No morals? No manners?

Warren did not dignify the question with a response.

KESSLER

Did you feel bad about Karen?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

SHOT

Before Warren can answer, the door opens. McAnn, in the doorway, motions to Capt. Molony, who leaves the room.

BACK TO SCENE

KESSLER

Were you ever arrested?

WARREN

No.

KESSLER

Ever taken to juvenile court?

For the first time, Warren shows uneasiness.

KESSLER

For breaking a neighbor's window?
Throwing a dead animal inside?
A cat?

WARREN

I was twelve years old, stupid
thing to do, but I was angry.
I'd been punished...

KESSLER

For hurting the neighbor's daughter?
Cutting her with your knife?

WARREN

It was an accident!

KESSLER

You like hurting girls?

WARREN

I won't answer that! I won't
stand for any more!

ZAGER

All right, Warren. We're just
trying to get a handle on this
thing. Would you like to rest
a minutes?

NOTE: During the questioning, we have SEEN a MIRROR on
one wall. We SEE it again as we CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

75.INT. ADJOINING ROOM

75

In this room, next door to the "Fishbowl", are the two girls, TINA and PEG, who were accosted by Warren at the theater. With them are Capt. Molony and McAnn. During the following, by means of the see-through mirror, we SEE Zager pour Warren a glass of water. Warren takes a drink.

CAPT. MOLONY

That's the fellow, you're sure?

TINA AND PEG

Yes. Of course.

CAPT. MOLONY

What was he wearing?

TINA

A red shirt. And white pants.

PEG

Levis. He looked neat.

TINA

He was repulsive!

Peg is squelched. She doesn't like being squelched.

CAPT. MOLONY

You saw him when?

TINA

Outside, before the movie, then when he sat down by me.

PEG

By us.

TINA

And afterward, on the way out.

CAPT. MOLONY

Before, during and after the movie? You're sure?

TINA AND PEG

Yes. I'm positive.

Capt. Molony and McAnn exchange a dismal look.

76.BACK TO THE "FISHBOWL"

76

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

The girls you talked to at the theater, were they your type?

WARREN

No.

KESSLER

When was the last time you made it with a girl?

WARREN

That's none of your...

KESSLER

Last week? Last month? Last year?

WARREN

I refuse to...

KESSLER

(shouting)

Never! 'Cause girls won't have anything to do with you!. But you get back at them, don't you? Betty, Karen, how many more, Warren?

WARREN

I won't listen to your filth!

ZAGER

Leo, knock it off!

Kessler's pent-up rage explodes. He jerks open a drawer of the desk.

KESSLER

Ever see one of these?

He throws it on the desk in front of Warren. It is a suction-type masturbator, identical to the one seen in Warren's bathroom.

KESSLER

What's it for, Warren? Cat got your tongue? It's for jacking off, isn't it?

Warren struggles out of his chair. Kessler hurls him back.

ZAGER

Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

Kessler jerks open another drawer, pulls out a stack of 8x10 photos, merciless glossies of Betty, Karen and another girl - dead, ripped open, blood-smeared. He flings them on the desk in front of Warren.

KESSLER

Ever see these before. Recognize any of them?

Warren tries to turn away. Kessler seizes his head, pushes it down as though to thrust his face into the gore.

KESSLER

Look at them! Look!
(next breath)
Where's the knife? What'd you do with it?

Zager tries to pull Kessler away. Kessler wrenches his arm loose. The door opens. Capt. Molony charges in, followed by McAnn.

CAPT. MOLONY

That's enough, Leo! Get hold of yourself.

Kessler backs off, everyone in the room (including McAnn) shocked by his ferocity.

CAPT MOLONY

(to Warren)

You can go.

(to a detective)

Take him home.

The detective, Mortin, motions to Warren, who gets up. Kessler continues to glare at him. Warren walks to the door. There he turns and fires at Kessler a look of naked, murderous hatred. The moment the door closes --

CAPT MOLONY

What the hell's the matter with you? You lost your mind?

Kessler, breathing hard, doesn't answer. Zager turns off the tape recorder. To Capt Molony --

ZAGER

You can forget about this.

(to Kessler)

Do I have to remind you about evidence obtained under duress? Inadmissible!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Right! The way the law protects
the maggots out there, you'd
think they're an endangered species!

Capt Molony, in addition to being Kessler's friend,
shares his opinions on this subject. However --

CAPT MOLONY

Let's not go into that. The point
is, we've got nothing to hold
him on. He's got a solid alibi.

KESSLER

You believe it?

MCANN

Everything he's said checks out.
The theater, the market. He
was questioned about the girl
killed in April - Lorraine Partridge.
The police report says...

KESSLER

...at the time of the murder he
was in a downtown hotel, in bed
with a whore. You believe that?

ZAGER

Leo, every case is a poker game.
Good hand you stay, bad hand
you fold.

KESSLER

So you're folding. Well, I'm
staying. He's our man, and I'm
going to get him.

77.INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

77

Laurie Kessler hurries in, wearing her student nurse's
uniform. Goes straight to the DESK SERGEANT.

LAURIE

I'd like to see Lt. Kessler.
I'm his daughter.

The Desk Sergeant eyes her with flagrant suspicion. A
hard-bitten veteran, he has learned to have little faith
in anything or anybody.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

DESK SGT.

You say he's your father?

LAURIE

(patiently)

He's my father. I'm his
daughter. I've got something
for him.

*
*
*

DESK SGT.

How come I never heard him
mention a daughter?

LAURIE

Maybe because it seldom crosses
his mind. Nevertheless and
notwithstanding...

Laurie opens her purse, brings out a plastic card.

CLOSE SHOT

Laurie's HOSPITAL I.D. CARD, which has a small photograph
of her.

BACK TO SCENE

Laurie holds the card next to ther face, so the Desk
Sergeant can see the I.D. photo.

LAURIE

This is my picture. This is me.
If you look closely, you will
see that they are one and the same.
Now, can I see my father, or do
I have to take a lie detector
test?

The Desk Sergeant doesn't enjoy being treated like a
moron.

DESK SGT.

He's in a meeting. You can
wait over there.

LAURIE

I can't wait! I've got to get
back to the hospital! Are you
going to tell him I'm here, or
do I start screaming?

78 INT. CAPT. MOLONY'S OFFICE - DAY

78

Kessler has not folded, stays as determined as ever to nail Stacey. His plan of action requires approval from Capt. Molony, which is his reason for being here (with McAnn).

KESSLER

The knife, that's one way he cuts people down to size... his size. The other way is outsmarting us. Let's start cutting him down.

The PHONE RINGS. Molony ignores it.

CAPT. MOLONY

How?

KESSLER

Every knifing, rape, obscene whatever, haul him in, rub his nose in it, keep telling him what he really is -- a sick, shrivelled-up nobody.

The PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Molony answers it.

CAPT. MOLONY

Molony.

(he listens)

Your daughter's outside.

Kessler, steamed up, does not welcome the interruption.

KESSLER

Tell her to wait.

CAPT. MOLONY

(into phone)

Tell her to wait.

(hangs up)

KESSLER

How about it? What do you say?

Molony does not reply. Instead he turns to McAnn, the neophyte.

CAPT. MOLONY

What do you say?

Out of loyalty to Kessler, McAnn would rather not answer.

MCANN

I'm not sure I'm qualified...

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

CAPT. MOLONY
If you're not qualified, you
don't belong here. What do
you say?

MCANN
It wouldn't take long, I'm
afraid, for Stacey to hire a
lawyer, charge he's being
harassed and get an injunction.

Kessler fires a look at him. McAnn shrugs apologetically.
The PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Molony ignores it.

MCANN
He has no criminal record. We
have no evidence. From a legal
standpoint we can't lay a finger
on him.

CAPT. MOLONY
Right.

Kessler's frustration oozes from every pore.

KESSLER
Legal!

The PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Molony answers it.

CAPT. MOLONY
Molony.
(he listens)
She can't wait.

KESSLER
I can remember when legal meant
lawful. Now it means loophole!

78A LAURIE

78A

Standing impatiently by the Sergeant's desk, she sees --

MCANN

He comes out of Molony's office. Pleasantly --

MCANN
Hello, Miss Kessler. Your father
can't see you right now. Is
there anything I can do?

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED:

Laurie exhales a cloud of frustration. She has a photograph, which she hands to McAnn.

LAURIE

There was a fellow at the funeral, couldn't remember where I'd seen him, then I found this. Betty Johnson invited me to her office picnic.

CLOSE - THE PHOTOGRAPH

A volleyball game in the park. Two girls and two boys on each side. Laurie's finger points out the persons referred to.

LAURIE (V.O.)

That's me. There's Karen. That's Betty. That's Dale Anders, her boyfriend, the one that was killed.

In the b.g., watching the game, are a dozen other young people, laughing and cheering.

Behind them, only his face visible, staring coldly at Betty Johnson is Warren Stacey.

LAURIE (V.O.)

That's the fellow I saw at the funeral. Do you know who he is?

LAURIE AND MCANN

McAnn has recognized him, of course. However, mindful of good police practice, he doesn't answer questions, he asks them.

MCANN

What about him?

LAURIE

Betty was scared of him. Do you know who he is?

MCANN

Is this the only time you ever saw him?

LAURIE

Will you quit trying to act like a cop! Yes!

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED:

MCANN

I may not look like a cop, but
I am a cop. Why was she scared
of him?

LAURIE

He was always telling her about
people who put him down and how
he got even with them.

McAnn's voice reveals nothing, but his face shows intense
interest in what he is hearing.

MCANN

Lots of people talk like that.
Anything else?

By now Laurie is more than frustrated, she is griped.

LAURIE

Yes. Tell Dad, if and when he's
not too busy, to give me a call
sometime.

The Desk Sergeant has been listening to the exchange between
Laurie and McAnn. He gets a parting shot from Laurie --

LAURIE

He won't have any trouble
getting through. At the
hospital they know I have
a father.

79. OMITTED

79

80. EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

80

The shift is ending, NURSES streaming out of the hospital.

Among them we SEE Laurie Kessler, talking to three friends,
also students. One is a very attractive blonde girl (DOREEN),
and another stunning girl (MONICA). The third (BUNNY) is a
lively, gabby girl, not quite recovered from adolescence.

The girls are seen from a POINT OF VIEW as they walk from
the hospital.

REVERSE

The POV is that of Warren Stacey. He is seated in his VW,
down a dimly-lighted street. He starts his car.

(CONTINUED)

81.EXT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

81

The DORMITORY COMPOUND, some distance from the hospital, situated in a park-like area. The lower floor is a storage room, the upper floor is living quarters.

The four girls climb the stairs to the second floor. Inside we HEAR a PHONE RINGING.

THE GIRLS

Get it, Bunny! Hurry up! Why
me? Who'd be calling me? That
intern! What intern? The cross-
eyed one with no chin!

Bunny hurries ahead, unlocks the door, flips on a light.

82.INT. DORMITORY

82

The dormitory consists of:(1) living room with chairs and desks for studying;(2)small kitchen;(3) bathroom;(4) sleeping quarters with four (or more) beds.

The phone is on a table in a hall. As the other girls enter, Bunny answers the phone.

BUNNY

Hello? What? I can't hear you.
Who? Oh.
(calling)
Laurie!

Laurie takes the phone. The other girls, with natural curiosity, listen to --

LAURIE

Hello?

She (and we) HEAR a SPANISH-ACCENTED VOICE --

VOICE (V.O.)

Hi, baby...how's it goin'?
How are you?

LAURIE

(thinks it's a joke)
Better than most. Hey, who is
this?

VOICE (V.O.)

You don't know me, but I know
you. You're beautiful...I love
you.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

LAURIE

What good does it do to love
me if I don't know who you are?

83.EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

83

The gas station is closed. Outside is a PHONE BOOTH.
In the booth is Warren Stacey. Again he wears medical
gloves.

WARREN

(In SPANISH he mumbles
obscenities)

LAURIE (V.O.)

What does that mean?

WARREN

Means I wanta eat your pussy.

84.LAURIE ON PHONE

84

Laurie is not so much shocked as disgusted, hearing --

WARREN (V.O.)

You give me blow job, I give
to you in the ass. How 'bout
it baby?

LAURIE

You have reached a disconnected
number. This is a recording.
(she hangs up)

Yuk!

MONICA

What was that?

LAURIE

Vomit.

85.WARREN STACEY

85

Frustrated at being turned off, he slams the phone
onto the hook.

86.INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

86

It's lunch time, the cafeteria crowded. We find Laurie,
Kessler and McAnn in the chow line, each with tray,
silverware, etc.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Thanks for bringing in that photograph. I appreciate it.

LAURIE

Does it mean anything?

Kessler, like McAnn, is thoroughly circumspect.

KESSLER

Possibly.

MCANN

We're always looking for information.

LAURIE

I told you all I know.

KESSLER

Glad you did.

LAURIE

So what brings you here?

Kessler has never played the role of father with much dedication. His present attempt shows his awkwardness, but also his sincerity.

KESSLER

Just thought I'd drop in, see how things are going.

LAURIE

Fine. Just fine.

KESSLER

Good. Glad to hear it. They work you pretty hard?

LAURIE

Like galley slaves.

MCANN

At least you get to wear a nice looking uniform.

LAURIE

Why else would I want to be a nurse?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

McAnn sighs. Can't win for losing. He resumes loading his tray. Kessler, concentrating on being fatherly, hardly notices what he's taking.

KESSLER
If you hit a snag or anything,
I can pull a few strings. I
know the Superintendent.

LAURIE
Dad, you didn't come here to tell
me that. What's on your mind?

KESSLER
Nothing. Can't I be interested
in how you're doing?

LAURIE
Sure.
(still dubious)
But don't pull any strings, okay?

They have reached the CASHIER, a gimlet-eyed woman.

KESSLER
I'm paying for both...all three.

LAURIE
That's some lunch - cole slaw
and rice pudding.

KESSLER
(looks at his tray)
Hold everything! I hate cole
slaw! Rice pudding makes me sick!

CASHIER
Then why did you take it?

KESSLER
I made a mistake.

MCANN
I'll pay. Go back and get
something else.

Kessler, tray in hand, starts back, bucking the line.

CASHIER
Sir, you can't do that! You'll
have to go to the end of the line!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

LAURIE

Tell her you know the Superintendent.

Kessler doesn't think that's funny. Back he goes, to the end of the line.

87. CAFETERIA TABLE

87

Seated at the table are Laurie's three roommates, talking about a party:

THE THREE GIRLS

I'll get the potato chips, you get the peanuts, you fix the cheese dip. No, you do it, I don't know how. Don't know how? Didn't your mother teach you anything? Sure, how to cure a hangover.

Laurie and McAnn arrive. As noted, McAnn is handsome, dresses well, makes a fine appearance. Laurie's friends eye him admiringly.

LAURIE

Doreen, Monica, Bunny, this Detective McAnn.

They sit down. Laurie and the other girls, under pressure of time, eat rapidly, shoveling it in.

MONICA

You don't look like a detective.

MCANN

So I've been told.

BUNNY

It must be kind of dangerous, isn't it, never knowing when some nut will take a shot at you.

LAURIE

At least he gets to wear nice looking clothes.

There she goes again. McAnn's patience is wearing thin.

DOREEN

Are you and Laurie's dad partners?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

MCANN

At this stage, I just try to
measure up to his standards.

LAURIE

His standards of what?

MCANN

What the hell kind of remark
is that? Your own father, man
who's been on the firing line
for twenty years!

LAURIE

Oh, God.

MCANN

Know how many commendations he's
received?

LAURIE

He's an outstanding public
servant, who says he isn't?
But when Mom wanted him or or
I needing him, where was he?
Out on the firing line, earning
commendations.

MCANN

The man's a cop! You've got
to make allowances!

LAURIE

What the hell do you think I've
been doing for twenty years?

At which sour, indignant moment Kessler arrives at the
table. On his tray is a plate of spaghetti and a piece
of pie.

KESSLER

This isn't a cafeteria, it's
an ulcer factory.
(senses the atmosphere)
What's going on?

LAURIE

Detective McAnn was just telling
us how much he admires you. You
might call this a testimonial
lunch.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

Kessler isn't sure what that means. McAnn is still boiling. The other girls are leaving, ad libbing goodbyes. Laurie gets up, still eating her sandwich.

LAURIE

Dad, I'm sorry, we're due in the lab in five minutes.

(dutifully)

Thanks for coming to see me.

KESSLER

Maybe some night we can have dinner, huh?

LAURIE

Sure, why not? Gotta go now.

She hurries off. Kessler calls:

KESSLER

Just a minute!

She comes back. He gets up from the table, meets her a short distance away, seeking privacy.

KESSLER AND LAURIE

It's difficult for a man like Kessler to disclose anything about himself. He lowers his voice.

KESSLER

Your Mom wouldn't ever say anything, but I can tell you she got short-changed. you know how it was, me always hung up on a case...

LAURIE

It's a matter of priorities, I guess. Dedication to the job, call of duty...

(to McAnn)

Jesus, I'm beginning to sound like you.

McAnn, in the b.g., hearing this, would gladly wring her neck.

KESSLER

I can't make it up to her, but I'll try to do better by you, okay?

Laurie is genuinely moved. She kisses him.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

LAURIE
It's a deal. Gotta run.

NEW ANGLE

McAnn has stood up. To Laurie, dryly --

MCANN
A pleasure seeing you again,
Miss Kessler.

LAURIE
I am good company, aren't I?
Want to come to a party?

MCANN
A what?

LAURIE
Party. We're having one. Tonight.

MCANN
You're inviting me?

LAURIE
(to Kessler)
Is he always this slow?
(to McAnn)
I'm late! Yes or no?

MCANN
Thanks, but I'm busy.

LAURIE
Okay. 'Bye now.

She runs off. McAnn sits down. Finds Kessler staring at him.

KESSLER
Busy doing what?

MCANN
Quite frankly, Lieutenant, I
didn't think we'd get along.

Laurie comes running back.

LAURIE
Forgot to tell you. I got an
obscene phone call last night
from some sicko.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

Kessler is jolted, but doesn't want to frighten Laurie.
Flatly --

KESSLER
What did he say?

LAURIE
The usual garbage. Kooks are
always calling nurses, only this
one had a Spanish accent.

Kessler shoots a meaningful look at McAnn. He gets the
message.

MCANN
The party tonight...

LAURIE
Yeah?

MCANN
What time shall I pick you up?

88. INT. GIRLS' DORMITORY - NIGHT

88

The four girls, dressed for the party, are watching McAnn
attach a cassette recorder to the phone.

MCANN
To record, press these two buttons.
Keep him talking, get him to
say as much as possible.

BUNNY
Do you really think it's, you
know, the Slasher?

MCANN
Better safe than sorry.

He unhooks a police receiver-transmitter from his belt
and turns it on. We HEAR a routine call from the
DISPATCHER.,

MCANN
It's against the law for anyone
except cops to have this, so
use it only in an emergency.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

DOREEN

You're not trying to worry us
or anything?

MCANN

No, I'm trying to scare the pants
off you.

LAURIE

That's a new approach. Most
fellows do it manually.

MCANN

(lets it pass)

Another thing. Don't go anywhere
alone, especially at night.

LAURIE

Was all this your idea?

MCANN

Your dad's mostly. For reasons
I don't understand, he seems
to be fond of you.

LAURIE

No accounting for tastes.

89. THE PARTY - NIGHT

89

Site of the party is a BIG OLD HOUSE. The taped MUSIC
is DEAFENING, dancing more enthusiastic than skillful,
dress strictly informal. Among the dancers we see
Laurie's friends: Doreen, Monica and Bunny.

McAnn, dancing with Laurie, is the only male wearing a
jacket. His face is flushed, dewed with perspiration.
Laurie tries to make herself heard above the THUNDERING
MUSIC --

LAURIE

Take off your jacket.

MCANN

What?

LAURIE

(yells)

Take your jacket off!

MCANN

I can't!

The MUSIC STOPS just as McAnn yells --

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

MCANN
I've got a gun!

Everyone turns to stare. A bearded INTERN inquires --

INTERN
Why do you have a gun?

LAURIE
He's a peace officer. If you
disturb the peace, he'll fire
a warning shot, then he'll kill
you.

The MUSIC STARTS again. McAnn, having had his fill of
unwanted attention, drags Laurie away.

MCANN AND LAURIE - AT THE DRINK TABLE

From a punch bowl, Laurie ladles them each a drink. McAnn
tastes it. Pretty bad. SHOUTING over the din --

MCANN
Grapefruit juice and what?

LAURIE
Grain alcohol. It doesn't cost
anything.

MCANN
Because it's rotten?

LAURIE
Stolen. From the hospital.

As a police officer, he's not sure what to say.

MCANN
I didn't hear that.

LAURIE
(louder)
I said it's stolen!

MCANN
I heard you!
(and then)
Is there someplace we don't have
to scream?

Laurie takes his hand, leads him toward the rear of the
house.

(CONTINUED)

90.INT. SCREENED PORCH

90

It is almost totally dark. They grope their way to a sofa and sit down.

LAURIE

Having fun?

MCANN

When I was in college, I used to love that kind of tumult. I must be getting old.

LAURIE

Could be. Any dizziness, shortness of breath? Maybe we better have a look at your prostate.

MCANN

You've got to stop being so shy.

LAURIE

You're not married, are you?

MCANN

Isn't that something you should ask before inviting me?

LAURIE

You have such high moral standards, I figured you'd tell me if you were. Anyway, you only accepted because you thought I might need protection from...

MCANN

What's that?

We HEAR strange, muffled SOUNDS from the dark outside. Now a desperate cry from a GIRL --

GIRL'S VOICE

Oh! Oh, God! Oh, Jesus!

McAnn leaps up, pulls his gun, races outside.

91.EXT.YARD - NIGHT

91

McAnn, following the desperate SOUNDS, nearly trips over a young couple on the ground, having intercourse.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

The girl, a NURSE, seeing the gun, SCREAMS. Her partner, an Intern (DUDLEY) disengages himself, yelling --

INTERN
Holy Christ, don't shoot! We weren't doing anything.

MCANN
It's all right. Don't be alarmed. As you were. Carry on.

He holsters his gun, hurries back to --

92 LAURIE

92

She stands in the doorway, snickering.

LAURIE
Is that what you call keeping the peace?

McAnn grabs her hand, hustles her across the room.

LAURIE
Where are we going?

MCANN
Anywhere but here.

93 INT. MCANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

93 *

The room is in darkness. After a moment, we hear Laurie -- *

LAURIE
Thanks for taking me to dinner
The roast beef was terrific.

MCANN
Thanks for the party. Nice of you to invite me.

LAURIE
I had a date with an Intern, but he had to cancel, which is okay 'cause he's a pill. No offense, but I thought you were, too.

CAMERA reveals Laurie is in bed with McAnn. They are making love. *

*
*

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

MCANN
That's all right. You struck
me as fairly obnoxious yourself.

LAURIE
Have you changed your mind?

MCANN
I'm thinking about it.

LAURIE
Don't strain yourself. The last
thing I want is to get involved
with a cop.

MCANN
I don't blame you...

They continue making love. Finally, they relax.
Silence for a moment. Then --

LAURIE
What're you doing Saturday?
That's my day off...

93A INT. DORMITORY STAIRCASE - NIGHT

93A

McAnn is taking Laurie to the dormitory door. She
HEARS the PHONE RINGING. As she opens the door, the
PHONE is still RINGING.

94 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

94

Laurie hurries to the phone, answers it. The other
girls gather around, in their night clothes. McAnn
stands in the threshold.

LAURIE
Hello?

WARREN (V.O.)
(Spanish accent)
Hi, baby. What's doin'?
How you been?

Laurie nods to McAnn (covering the mouthpiece),
"It's him!"

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

McAnn presses the record buttons on the cassette recorder as Laurie talks to Warren on the phone.

LAURIE

Oh ho, so it's you again.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

WARREN (V.O.)

How about we get together, huh?
What you say?

LAURIE

Ordinarily I don't go out with
strangers. What's your name?

95.EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

95

It's the same gas station (closed for the night), same
phone booth. As before, Warren wears rubber gloves.

WARREN

Call me Pedro. That means Peter.
I got the biggest one you ever see.

LAURIE (V.O.)

That's nice to know. What did
you have in mind, Pedro?

WARREN

I take you to a motel, we make
it every way there is. How you
like it - up, down, back, front?

96.INT. DORMITORY

96

LAURIE

Whatever suits you, amigo. Where
shall I meet you?

WARREN (V.O.)

Huh? What you say?

LAURIE

Tell me which motel, I'll meet
you there.

97.WARREN ON PHONE

97

He realizes she is leading him on.

WARREN

Like hell you will! Don't fool
with me, bitch.

LAURIE

Hey, I thought you loved me.

(CONTINUED)

98. INT. KESSLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

98

It's a rudimentary apartment the kind, used for eating, sleeping and nothing else. Kessler is no housekeeper, as evidenced by unwashed dishes, unhung clothes, unswept undusted, untidy everything.

We are in CLOSE on a different cassette recorder, of another type. Tinny SOUND of --

WARREN'S VOICE

Kiss my ass, cunt! I love to
stick it to you, that's what
I love!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose Kessler, seated at a cluttered table. He and McAnn are listening to the cassette --

WARREN'S VOICE

Your father is a pig, your mother
is a whore!

LAURIE'S VOICE

Who told you? That's supposed to
be a secret.

WARREN'S VOICE

I wouldn't piss on the best part
of you! If you was on your knees
beggin' for it...

Kessler hits the stop button. His head has been lowered over the machine. Now he looks up, voice a deadly monotone --

KESSLER

Laurie, is she scared?

MCANN

It shook her up pretty good. But
she's got the police radio. I told
her how to use it.

Kessler's inner turmoil is plain to see. Fear for himself never enters his mind. Fear for Laurie is a whole other, devastating matter.

KESSLER

Did you tell her he's the one
we're after?

MCANN

(shakes his head)
Why have her thinking twenty-
four hours a day she's in mortal
danger.

(must say it)
She is, you know.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

Kessler knows, all too well, that the hunted has become the hunter. The knowledge is eating him alive.

MCANN

What if we put a tail on him?
Set up a stake-out?

KESSLER

He'd catch on. He's too smart.

MCANN

We've got to do something. We
can't just...

KESSLER

I know!

He leads McAnn to the door.

KESSLER

I'll give it some thought. See
you in the morning.

MCANN

In case no one ever told you,
your daughter is something
special.

KESSLER

Yeah.

McAnn leaves. Kessler, deep in thought, heads back to the table. He pauses in front of a cabinet. On the cabinet are three framed photographs.

CLOSE - FAMILY PHOTOS

The first is a photo of Kessler's wife holding a baby (Laurie) in her arms. The second is a fairly recent photo of Kessler and his wife. The third is a photo of Kessler and Laurie (in cap and gown) at her high school graduation.

KESSLER

We sense the memories, and the anguish, stirred by what he sees.

He continues on to the cluttered table, shoves some papers aside, finds what he's looking for. More photographs.

(CONTINUED)

99.CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPHS

99

We SEE the same grisly photos of Warren's victims, Betty Johnson and Karen Smalley, their naked bodies ripped open.

100.BACK TO KESSLER

100

He has given thought to the question of what to do. He punches the eject button on the recorder. The cassette flips out.

101.INT. POLICE LAB - NIGHT

101

It is 2 A.M. The one LAB TECHNICIAN "on duty" is stretched out on a work table, eyes closed, dragging on a marijuana cigarette. He opens his eyes, nearly strangles. Standing over him is Kessler.

KESSLER

Smells like good stuff.
Confiscated? Testing to make
sure it's the real thing?

LAB TECHNICIAN

I didn't expect anybody this late.

KESSLER

I guess not.

The Technician shreds his cigarette, washes it down a sink. Kessler has brought the cassette from his pocket.

KESSLER

Tell Millikan I want a voice
print, comparing this with the
tape we made on Warren Stacey.
Where would that tape be?

LAB TECHNICIAN

In the file.

KESSLER

Better make sure.

LAB TECHNICIAN

I will.

KESSLER

When?

LAB TECHNICIAN

You want it now?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

No rush. Any time within the
next five minutes.

The Technician, already guild-ridden, heads for the door.
Instantly Kessler goes into --

102.INT. ADMOINING ROOM (LAB)

102

Kessler goes directly to wherever such evidence is
stored, searches for what he wants.

103.INT. FORENSIC FILE ROOM

103

The Technician, having unlocked the file, looks for the
tape. He finds it, locks the file.

104.BACK TO KESSLER

104

He has found the Betty Johnson blood sample. From his
pocket he brings a small glass vial.

105.TECHNICIAN

105

He re-enters the lab with the tape just as Kulick reappears
from the adjoining room.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Was there something else?

KESSLER

Tell Millikan to get right on it.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Yes, sir.

(sheepish)

I hope you don't feel you have
to say anything about, you know...

KESSLER

Illegal possession of marijuana?
Where's the evidence? Can't
charge anybody without evidence.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Much obliged, sir.

KESSLER

Likewise.

(CONTINUED)

106.EXT. WARREN STACEY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

106

Warren, in his VW, pulls away from the curb.

SHOT

CAMERA PICKS UP another car, heading for Warren's apartment house. The man at the wheel is Kessler.

107.INT.WARREN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

107

Kessler, at the door of Warren's apartment, has a batch of pass-keys. Tries two. The next one unlocks the door. Kessler opens the door and enters.

108.OMITTED

108

109.INT. CAPT. MOLONY'S OFFICE - DAY

109

In the office are Molony, Kessler, McAnn, Dep. D.A. Nathan Zager and the Forensic Man, MILLIKAN. On Molony's desk are two cassette recorders. One is the tape of Warren answering questions in the "Fishbowl". The other is the obscene phone call, in Spanish accent. Millikan plays part of one, then the other.

MILLIKAN

Same voice print, same man, no doubt about it.

To illustrate his findings, he shows two graphs of Warren's voice, comparing the two tapes. The graphs are identical."

KESSLER

Same man who made the same kind of phone calls to Betty Johnson.

ZAGER

An assumption substantiated by no evidence of any kind!. You want me to take him to court on this?

(the cassette)

. A lousy misdemeanor?

CAPT. MOLONY

Thirty days at the most, what does that accomplish?

KESSLER

Something to hang on him while we find whatever it takes to make it permanent!

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

CAPT. MOLONY
If he's our man, and that's a
big if...

KESSLER
All I ask is, go along with me
just this once.

Molony, still dubious, turns to McAnn.

CAPT. MOLONY
What do you think?

MCANN
I think whatever Lieutenant
Kessler asks for is what he
should get.

Which turns the tide. As Kessler shoots McAnn a grateful
look --

CAPT. MOLONY
Okay, pick him up.

110. INT. WARREN STACEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

110

Warren, in icy fury, stands in the middle of his apartment,
which looks as though it had been struck by a whirlwind.
Drawers and cabinets are open, the bed torn apart, etc.

The search (and seizure) are being directed by Kessler.
A detective piles porno magazines and newspapers into a
cardboard carton, which already contains kitchen knives,
the masturbator, etc.

McAnn comes out of the closet with an armload of clothes.

KESSLER
What's all that?

MCANN
You said take his clothes to
the lab.

KESSLER
What he was wearing. Red-checked
shirt and white Levis.

MCANN
How about the blue suit? The one
he wore to the funeral?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Oh yeah, and the blue suit.

WARREN

Confident he's in no danger, anger becomes tinged with contempt.

111. INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

111

McAnn is waiting. The Lab Technician (same one) enters, carrying Warren's red-checked shirt and white Levis. And the report.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Perfect match. Blood type A-B negative, also evidence of hepatitis, now dormant.

MCANN

(elated)

That does it.

LAB TECHNICIAN

How do you figure a guy like that? Sets up a beautiful alibi, then blows it with a thing like this. Why didn't he have them cleaned? Or burn them?

MCANN

Wouldn't that look fairly suspicious?

LAB TECHNICIAN

Suspicion leaves reasonable doubt. This leaves no doubt at all. Which makes him look awful dumb.

MCANN

He doesn't strike me as dumb.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Everybody makes mistakes. Made one myself last night. Forgot to have Kessler sign for the tape he picked up.

MCANN

Last night? I was at his house til one in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

LAB TECHNICIAN

It was about two. Anyhow, have him come in and sign.

112.INT. JAIL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

112

At the table sits Warren, along with BEN LINKER, Bail Bondsman, and DAVE DANTE, attorney-at-law. A well-matched pair of legal crocodiles. Ben has papers and a pen, which he presents to Warren.

BEN LINKER

Sign here. Standard form bail bond agreement...what it'll cost you...

WARREN

All I want is out.

BEN LINKER

That's what we're here for. They put you in, I get you out, Mr. Dante keeps you out. What's he looking at, Dave?

DANTE

They read you your right to remain silent?

(Warren nods)

Did you?

WARREN

Of course.

DANTE

Good boy. We plead not guilty, demand a jury trial. The backlog they got, are they going to waste time on a sexy phone call? I can practically guarantee a suspended sentence.

KESSLER

(entering)

Excuse me.

DANTE

I'm talking to my client, do you mind?

(CONTINUED)

"Ten To Midnight" - Revised 10/4/82

112 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Here's something else to talk about. We found blood on his clothes, so we're re-booking him. Murder one.

DANTE

What!

KESSLER

He'll be arraigned tomorrow. See you then. Pardon the interruption.

WARREN

You dirty shit!

WARREN

He is on his feet, in a frenzy.

WARREN

He's lying! There was no blood and you know it, you dirty lying shit!

He picks up a chair and flings it. Kessler closes the door just in time. The chair shatters against the door.

113.INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

113

The corridor is jammed with press and TV people. The courtroom door opens. Out come Capt. Molony, Kessler, McAnn and Dep. D.A. Zager. Cameramen and reporters swarm around them.

VOICES

Can we have a statement? What's the charge? What's the evidence? Etc.

ZAGER

First degree homicide, held without bail. Evidence will be presented at the pre-trial hearing. No further comment.

SHOT

Out of the courtroom come Warren Stacey and attorney Dave Dante. Warren, outraged at being handcuffed, is in the custody of two Deputy Sheriffs.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

"Ten To Midnight" - Revised 10/4/82

113 CONTINUED:

Press and TV people have come flocking, including the reporter, Jerry. Dante is the picture of righteous indignation.

DANTE

I welcome the opportunity to prove the evidence against my client is not only flimsy, but fabricated!

JERRY

What do you mean, fabricated?

DANTE

Got a dictionary? Look it up.

SHOT

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

Kessler and McAnn elbow their way through reporters, cameramen, etc. Waiting for them is Laurie.

LAURIE

You've done it! How did you do it?

KESSLER

We got lucky.

LAURIE

Lucky, hell! You're terrific!
(abrupt change)

Oh-oh.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Warren Stacey, in custody, is approaching, his malevolent stare locked on Kessler, McAnn and Laurie. The Deputies lead him to a door which provides access to the jail. Before entering, he turns and fires another look at Kessler.

BACK TO KESSLER, LAURIE AND MCANN

LAURIE

I'd hate to meet him in a dark closet.

KESSLER

You won't.

JERRY, the reporter, arrives, points his microphone.

JERRY

Dante says the evidence against his client is fabricated. Care to comment.

KESSLER

(unruffled)

No.

JERRY

What evidence?

KESSLER

Ask him.

JERRY

He wouldn't say.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

I guess that makes it unanimous.

He takes Laurie's arm, leads her off. McAnn follows.
Jerry mutters under his breath.

MCANN

Why would he say that? Fabricated?

KESSLER

That's what they all say.

LAURIE

Gotta run. I've missed two classes
already.

(kisses Kessler)

I'm real proud of my old man.

(to McAnn)

You, too. First time I saw you,
I said there's a great detective.

MCANN

I don't remember that.

LAURIE

I said it to myself. 'Bye now.

KESSLER

I'll ride down with you.

The elevator doors open. Laurie and Kessler enter.
McAnn is still disturbed. He calls --

MCANN

Why fabricated? What's he up to?

KESSLER

Forget it.

The elevator doors close. McAnn is left standing there,
his perplexity unresolved.

114.INT. PARKING BASEMENT - COURTHOUSE BUILDING - DAY

114

A below-ground-level parking area. McAnn, in an unmarked
police car, driving toward the exit, finds his way blocked
by attorney Dave Dante. He strolls around to the car
window.

DANTE

Steal a moment of your time?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

MCANN

I'm in a hurry.

DANTE

At the preliminary hearing I'm calling you as a witness. Going to ask you about the evidence against Stacey.

MCANN

What about it?

DANTE

You know there were no bloodstains on his clothes till somebody planted them there.

MCANN

Who says? Stacey?

DANTE

You can deny it now, but if you lie on the witness stand, that's perjury. Perjury is a very serious offense.

MCANN

Threatening a witness is fairly serious, too.

DANTE

Who's threatening? All I ask is the truth.

With two fingers of each hand he forms "quotation marks".

DANTE

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

(and then)

If you don't know the truth, you better find out. See you.

He walks off, leaving McAnn even more deeply disturbed. He guns his car out of the garage.

115.INT. HOSPITAL DORMITORY - NIGHT

115

The girls are ready for bed. Laurie is on the phone. We HEAR at the other end, "McAnn".

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

LAURIE
Hi, McAnn. This is Kessler. Am
I interrupting anything? If
you've got a girl there, I'll
hang up.

MCANN (V.O.)
No girl. Just me.

LAURIE
Haven't seen much of you lately.
Thought you might've died of old
age.

116.INT. MCANN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

The only light in the BEDROOM comes from a TV set
across the room. McAnn, sitting up in bed, is watching
the late news. With remote control he TURNS THE SOUND
DOWN. The picture is still visible.

MCANN
(uncomfortably)
I meant to call, but I've been
busy...new assignment, new partner...

117.LAURIE ON PHONE

117

LAURIE
I've still got your radio.
I was sort of expecting
you'd come by and pick it up.
And maybe say hello - if you felt
like it.

118.MCANN ON PHONE

118

MCANN
I'll do that.

119.THE TV SET

119

A reporter is summarizing the Stacey case as he talks
(unheard by us) we see quick shots of Betty Johnson,
Karen Smalley, Warren Stacey and Dave Dante. During
which --

(CONTINUED)

"Ten To Midnight" - Revised 10/1/82

119 CONTINUED:

LAURIE (V.O.)

Is this Paul McAnn, the detective?
I feel like I'm talking to a
stranger.

MCANN (V.O.)

Sorry, I've got a lot on my mind.

120 BACK TO MCANN

120

McAnn's phone has two lines. The OTHER LINE STARTS
RINGING.

MCANN

Excuse me, I've got another call.
I've been thinking about you,
honestly, and look forward to
seeing you. Thanks for calling...
Goodbye.

He punches a button on the phone, says, "Hello".

DANTE (V.O.)

Just a reminder, in case you
forgot...

MCANN

Who's this?

121 INT. DAVE DANTE'S STUDY (HOUSE) - NIGHT

121

Dante, hair ruffled, shirt sleeves rolled up, is at his
desk. Has been making notes on a legal pad. A well-
masticated cigar in his hand.

DANTE

Dave Dante. When you testify
tomorrow...

*

122 BACK TO MCANN

122

DANTE (V.O.)

(continuing)

...you are sworn to tell the
truth, whole truth, nothing but
the truth, so help you God!
See you in court, McAnn

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

Dante hangs up. McAnn continues to hold the phone, slowly hangs up. With the remote control he turns off the TV. The room becomes dark, but only for a moment. He turns on the bedside lamp, gets up, preparing to get dressed.

123. INT. POLICE LAB - NIGHT

123

The same Lab Technician is on duty. McAnn is performing a somber inquisition.

MCANN

When Kessler came to get that tape, did you discuss anything else?

LAB TECHNICIAN

Oh, God. He told you, huh?

MCANN

Let's hear it.

LAB TECHNICIAN

The boys grabbed a load of, you know, stuff. They burned most of it, but this was such high quality stuff...

MCANN

What are you talking about?

LAB TECHNICIAN

What're you talking about?

MCANN

When Kessler came here, you were with him all the time.

LAB TECHNICIAN

Sure. Except when I went to get the tape.

MCANN

When you came back, he was still here, right?

LAB TECHNICIAN

Where else?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

MCANN

Was he here?

LAB TECHNICIAN

Right here? No, in there.

124. INT. ADJOINING ROOM (LAB)

124

McAnn walks in, followed by the puzzled Technician.
McAnn points to the refrigerator. Hates to ask --

MCANN

What's in there?

LAB TECHNICIAN

Blood samples, why? What is
all this?

MCANN

(dimly)

Nothing. Just routine.

125. INT. COURT WAITING ROOM - DAY

125

Warren Stacey and Dave Dante are awaiting summons to the
hearing. Warren wears his blue suit, looking for all the
world like a model young citizen. Dante brushes a bit
of ling off one lapel.

DANTE

Nice. Very nice. Just right.

(down to business)

Once more now, guilty or not
guilty?

WARREN

(firmly)

Not guilty.

DANTE

Good boy. Later on we can always
plead insanity.

WARREN

I'm not insane!

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

DANTE

Okay, but if we have to go that route, I just want you to know we're in good shape. Whatever was done, the worse it is the more a jury will think, no normal person could do that. You follow me?

(sullen silence)

We work out a routine, like say you're two people - one good, one bad. You hear voices - the bad boy giving orders to the good boy, telling him what he's got to do. He doesn't want to, but he can't help himself, see?

WARREN

You're saying I'm a schizo?

DANTE

No, Warren. I'm saying you stay alive a lot longer in the crazy house than in the gas chamber.

126.INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

126

Again the corridor is jammed with TV and press people, along with the usual mob of gawkers.

Dep. D.A. Zager and Capt. Molony step out of the elevator. Following them are the parents of Betty Johnson. Next to appear is Warren Stacey, handcuffed, escorted by Deputy Sheriffs, accompanied by attorney Dante. Warren, in his trim blue suit, walks with shoulders squared, head high, defiantly parading his innocence.

Dante strides alongside, a small man swollen with new-found importance. He is peering around. Sees what he's looking for, shoots a pointed look of reminder at --

MCANN

He's at the far end of the corridor, near the elevators. His response to Dante is a repugnant stare.

DANTE

Troubled, he enters the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

SHOT

The elevator doors open. This is what McAnn has been waiting for. Out of the elevator come Kessler and Laurie. Kessler sees McAnn, who motions to him. Kessler tells Laurie to go into the court.

127 KESSLER AND MCANN

127

McAnn leads Kessler around the corner, where they won't be seen or heard. McAnn has spent a sleepless night, and looks it. Kessler senses trouble.

MCANN

Stacey's lawyer is putting me on the stand. He says Stacey was framed.

KESSLER

Dave Dante is not a lawyer, he's a lousy shyster.

*

MCANN

Says the evidence was planted.

KESSLER

He knows Stacey's guilty. Does he give a damn?

*

MCANN

Leo...

KESSLER

To him it's a game. Get Stacey off, he's won the Super Bowl!

*

*

(a gesture toward the
the window and the city
beyond)

To the scum out there he'll be a miracle man!

*

MCANN

Leo, I went to the lab, talked to the technician, asked him if you were...

*

*

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

Why didn't you ask me?

MCANN

I was afraid you might tell
me you planted the bloodstains.

KESSLER

I did.

Which is what McAnn wanted most not to hear.

MCANN

Why? In God's name why?

KESSLER

What kind of stupid question is
that? You know why!

MCANN

We could have nailed him! Sooner
or later.

KESSLER

After counting how many more dead
bodies? The only way to stop him
is to put him away! Understand
what I'm saying?

MCANN

Yes. You're telling me to go in
there and commit perjury.

KESSLER

Will Stacey perjure himself?
Lie about everything he's done?

MCANN

Stacey's not a cop! He didn't
take an oath...!

KESSLER

Oath, for chrissake! Forget
what's legal, do what's right!

MCANN

If it were right, I'd swear to
anything you say...

(CONTINUED)

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127 CONTINUED:

KESSLER

If you don't, the next dead body,
the next victim, isn't mine, or
ours, it's yours!

*
*
*
*

128 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

128

The preliminary hearing is taking place before a JUDGE
(no jury). Dante and Warren are seated at a table facing
the judge. Dep. D.A. Zager is addressing the bench:

ZAGER

We will show that the crime was
premeditated, that the defendant
harbored malice toward the victim.
We will present laboratory evidence,
specifically bloodstains on the
defendant's clothes, clothes he
acknowledges wearing on the night
of the murder...

Zager stops, seeing Kessler walking down the aisle to the
railing which separates spectators from the trial area.
Kessler is beckoning.

ZAGER

Excuse me. Your Honor.

He goes to Kessler, who whispers to him. Zager is shocked.

ZAGER

May we approach the bench,
Your Honor?

JUDGE

You may.

Zager motions to Dante, who joins Zager and Kessler at the
bench.

REACTION SHOTS

We see the bewildered reactions of Laurie, Capt. Molony,
Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and Warren Stacey.

Only McAnn, at the rear of the courtroom, knows what
Kessler is doing. He is heartsick.

128. CONTINUED:

AT THE BENCH

Zager speaks in a low voice. Dante is elated. The Judge is incredulous.

JUDGE

Is that true, Lieutenant? You planted the evidence?

KESSLER

Yes, sir.

We see neither shame nor remorse. What we see is a man who has defied the law for reasons above the law and is now prepared to accept the consequences.

129.EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

129.

A scene of wild confusion, reporters and cameramen fighting to get to the various principals. We hear the VOICE of Jerry, the TV reporter --

JERRY (V.O.)

The pre-trial hearing came to an abrupt end when Detective Lt. Leo Kessler admitted falsifying evidence. All charges against Warren Stacey have been dropped.

McANN

We see him refusing to talk to reporters, thrusting his way through the crowd.

MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON

They are stunned, embittered by what has happened.

WARREN STACEY AND DAVE DANTE

They are cashing in on their triumph, Warren exultant, Dante a pillar of righteousness.

JERRY

How do you feel about what Lt. Kessler did?

WARREN

He's the one belongs in jail!

DANTE

Not only violated due process, thumbed his nose at the Bill of Rights!

130 INT. KESSLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

130

CAMERA PULLS BACK, disclosing that we are in Kessler's APARTMENT. The above is being shown on TV.

It is NIGHT. Kessler, a drink in his hand, is watching the morbid events which took place earlier in the day.

131 HIS POV - THE TV SCREEN

131

On TV we see Kessler, bulling his way through the crowd outside the courthouse. Kessler is confronted by the reporter, Jerry, who shouts --

JERRY

What were your reasons, Lieutenant?

(no answer)

Warren Stacey says you should be in jail. Can we have a comment?

KESSLER

You can go (bleep) yourself.

132 KESSLER

He sits in front of the TV, re-living the ordeal, but without a trace of self-pity.

Laurie has entered from the kitchen, hands full: a half-empty bottle of bourbon, a dish of ice and her own nearly-empty glass.

LAURIE

Turn that damned thing off!

She punches a button, turning the TV off.

LAURIE

What we need is a drink.

KESSLER

How many have you had already?

LAURIE

It's a special occasion. First time I ever got drunk with my father.

She puts the bottle on the table. Now she clears a chair littered with newspapers. On top of the newspapers is the phone, which is disconnected from the wall plug.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

LAURIE

You ought to fire your housekeeper.

KESSLER

I've been fired once today, that's enough.

LAURIE

That son of a bitch! I hope he gets what's coming to him!

KESSLER

I hope sooner than later.

LAURIE

They'll probably give him a medal, the fink!

KESSLER

I'm talking about Stacey.

LAURIE

I'm talking about McAnn!

KESSLER

I broke the law. He couldn't buy that. Twenty years ago, I'd probably have felt the same way.

LAURIE

I don't care, I hate him.

She swallows her whiskey, pours some more, gets up to pour more for Kessler. He waves her off.

KESSLER

I've had enough. So have you.

LAURIE

Alcohol is the most effective tranquilizer there is. Wipes out all your problems. Till you sober up. Then they're twice as bad.

KESSLER

You'll make a great angel of mercy.

LAURIE

Hey, I gotta go! We're having exams tomorrow! I'll call a cab.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

She takes the phone cord, preparing to plug it in.

KESSLER

No, you won't. I'll take you.

LAURIE

I prefer not to drive with
a man who's been drinking.

KESSLER

Okay, then run along behind.

133 KESSLER'S CAR - NIGHT"

133

This is his own, not a police car, therefore a modest type, early 70's vintage. He turns off a highway onto a less-traveled road, which leads to the hospital and dormitory. Another car turns off behind him.

134 KESSLER'S CAR - NIGHT

134

NOTE: In his car is a portable police radio.

Kessler is aware of the car behind him, its lights hitting his rear-view mirror. Aware, but not concerned, not yet.

KESSLER

Now, listen to me. Are you
listening.

LAURIE

Uh huh.

KESSLER

If he calls again, you call me.
If you can't reach me, use the
police radio. You got that?

LAURIE

Uh huh.

KESSLER

(continuing)

Tell your friends to keep the
doors locked. Don't open till
you're sure who it is.

LAURIE

Gotcha.

Kessler looks at the rear-view mirror. The car is following at the same distance. A prickling of suspicion as he turns off onto another road.

135 MIRROR SHOT

135

The other car makes the same turn. The car's configuration, briefly seen, tells him it's a VW. Kessler's slows down, allowing the VW to close the gap.

136 BACK TO SCENE

136

KESSLER

Got your seat belt on?

LAURIE

No.

KESSLER

Put it on!

Laurie, alarmed, snaps her seat belt. Kessler speeds up, drives past the dormitory, abruptly spins the wheel. With a screech of tires, his car does a complete about-face. He hits the gas pedal.

137 POV

137

He bears down on the VW. To avoid a collision, the driver careens off the road.

138 KESSLER

138

Grabbing a flashlight from an overhead bracket, he leaps out. Drawing his gun, he charges the VW.

KESSLER

Get your hands up! Don't move!

SHOT

The flashlight reveals Dudley, the same young Intern we saw at the party, having intercourse with a nurse out in the yard. If he was frightened then - by McAnn - he is now witless with terror.

DUDLEY

What is it? What do you want?

KESSLER

My mistake.

DUDLEY

I don't have any money! I'm not a doctor, I'm an intern!

(CONTINUED)

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138 CONTINUED:

KESSLER
Thought you were somebody else.

LAURIE
(approaching)
It's okay, Dudley. Just a routine
check.

DUDLEY
What? Who's that?

LAURIE
Laurie Kessler. This is my father.

DUDLEY
Oh. Oh, yeah. I saw you on
TV. You're the one who...
(stops himself)
How do you do? *

KESSLER
Hope I didn't shake you up too
much.

DUDLEY
No. No-no. This happens to
me all the time.
(plaintively)
Can I go now?

KESSLER
Go ahead.

Dudley jams his car in gear, goes tearing off. Not
forgetting his manners --

DUDLEY
Pleased to meet you!

139 OMITTED

139

140 INT. KESSLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

140

Kessler enters, switches on a light. He's a stoical man.
Even so, in this cluttered place, alone, publicly dis-
credited, twenty years of service down the drain, it's
not easy to swallow the bitterness.

First thing he does is attach the phone cord to the wall
plug. Second thing is to pour some whiskey in his glass.
He goes into --

141 INT. KESSLER'S KITCHEN

141

From the refrigerator he gets a tray of ice. Can't free the ice cubes, so he slams the tray on the sink, sending cubes flying. At which moment the PHONE RINGS. He goes back into--

142 KESSLER'S LIVING ROOM

142

KESSLER
(into phone)
Kessler.
(no answer)
Hello?
(no answer)
Who is this?

WARREN (V.O.)
How's it going, Mister Kessler?
Enjoying yourself? I am.

143 INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

143

Warren is savoring every moment of this. Though his tone is bantering, his eyes blaze with hatred. Into phone --

WARREN
I told you what a dirty shit
you are, now the whole world
knows, right?
(no answer)
What's wrong, cat got your tongue?
(no answer)
To forgive is divine, they say.
Well, I don't aspire to being
an angel, know what I mean?

144 BACK TO KESSLER

144

Without expression, he listens to --

WARREN (V.O.)
You tried to kill me. I owe
you for that, and I always try
to pay what I owe. Be seeing
you, Mister Kessler.

A CLICK as Warren hangs up. As Kessler lowers the phone, anger re-ignited, goal once more clearly defined, it is almost with pleasure that he says --

KESSLER
Likewise, Mister Stacey.

145 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

145

We see Warren's VW. He is on his way to work.

146 INT. WARREN'S CAR

146

Warren is feeling good, everything going his way. But then a signal changes to red. He stops. A car pulls alongside. Warren glances at it, startled to see --

147 HIS POV

147

The car is driven by Kessler, who is seemingly oblivious to Warren.

148 WARREN

148

He fires visual daggers at Kessler, gets no response, no acknowledgement of his existence. He is jolted by HORNS BLARING, sees that the signal has changed. He puts his car in gear, floors the accelerator. Kessler does the same, staying right alongside. Warren, glaring at him, must suddenly jam on the brakes to avoid hitting a car ahead, a further strain on his nervous system.

149 INT. COUNTY OFFICE - DAY

149

A low hum of voices as the stenographers, clearly disturbed, prepare for the day's work, uncovering office machines, etc.

Warren enters, casting a pall of silence over the office. He strides toward his workroom (at the rear), looking neither right nor left. The girls glance at him covertly, inwardly shrinking, sharing a common dread.

If Warren resents them, he is also contemptuous of them, perversely pleased to inspire such apprehension.

150 INT. WARREN'S WORKROOM - DAY

150

Warren opens the door. Mrs. Byrd, the supervisor, is waiting for him, her face flushed with anger and repugnance.

WARREN

What's wrong, Mrs. Byrd?

MRS. BYRD

What are these doing here?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

She points to a cork board on the wall. Attached to the board are several work orders. Also half a dozen macho sports pictures. But what she refers to are two photos.

151 CLOSE - THE PHOTOS

151

We have seen them before - the police photos of the slashed, bloody corpses of Betty Johnson and Karen Smalley.

MRS. BYRD (V.O.)

Answer me!

152 BACK TO SCENE

152

WARREN

(stunned)

I didn't put them there!

MRS. BYRD

No? Well, who did?

WARREN

Not me! Why would I...

MRS. BYRD

Take them down! Get rid of them!
This minute!

WARREN

Will you listen! I'm telling
you...

MRS. BYRD

I'm going straight to personnel!
I don't want you in this office!

She stalks out. Through the open door, Warren sees the girls, all watching him, abhorrence in every face.

He bangs the door closed. Goes to the cork board, snatches the photos down. The thumbtacks go flying.

The cork board is on a wall next to a window. Warren sees something below.

153 HIS POV

153

Across the street is a familiar figure, pacing the sidewalk as though on sentry duty. It's Kessler.

154 WARREN

154

In a paroxysm of fury, he rips the photos to pieces.

154A EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

154A

Kessler is sitting in his car, waiting and watching. The night is warm, his car window open.

NOTE: In the b.g. is a store or gas station with an outdoor phone booth.

KESSLER'S POV

We see Warren's apartment building, half a block away.

KESSLER

With infinite patience he sits and watches. A figure appears at the side of his car. Instantly Kessler reaches for his gun, finds himself looking at McAnn.

KESSLER

You trying to commit suicide?

MCANN

Funny, I was going to ask you the same question.

SHOT

We see McAnn's unmarked police car, lights out, parked a short distance behind Kessler's car. In McAnn's car is another detective, his new PARTNER.

MCANN (V.O.)

You're making life very unpleasant for Warren Stacey.

BACK TO SCENE

KESSLER

Who told you that?

MCANN

We in the police department have our sources.

An observation that evokes a humorless smile from Kessler.

MCANN

Keep it up, he's going to come after you.

(CONTINUED)

154A CONTINUED:

KESSLER
(innocently)
You think so?

MCANN
If you wake up one fine day
with your throat cut...

KESSLER
I'll say thank you for
warning me.

McAnn realizes he's wasting his breath. He motions to his partner.

MCANN
Say hello to Laurie.

KESSLER
I'll do that.

MCANN
Tell her I drive by her dormitory
several times a night.

KESSLER
So do I. Much obliged.

McAnn's partner has driven alongside. McAnn gets in. The car drives off.

Kessler resumes watching. He is pleased to see --

HIS POV

Warren's VW is pulling to the curb in front of his apartment building. Warren gets out of his car.

155 INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

155

Warren is climbing the stairs to his second-floor apartment. As he reaches the top of the stairs, a door opens. A middle-aged WOMAN steps out of her apartment. On seeing Warren, she instantly goes back inside, closes and locks the door. One more affront in a day of intolerable bedevilment.

Warren unlocks and opens his door, steps inside.

156 INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

156

The room is dark. Warren flips the light switch by the door. Instead of light from the overhead fixture, he is assaulted by SHRIEKING, SHATTERING ROCK MUSIC from his hi-fi system.

He rushes to turn on a lamp, trips over a chair, sprawls on the floor. Gets up, turns on the lamp. He sees that the globe has been removed from the overhead fixture. Attached to the socket is the electric cord connected to his hi-fi system.

Warren jerks the cord from the socket. ABRUPT SILENCE. The PHONE RINGS. Warren stares wildly at the phone, which KEEPS ON RINGING, each ring a further jolt. He picks up the phone, HEARS --

KESSLER (V.O.)
Enjoying yourself, Mister Stacey?

Warren slams the phone down. A moment later, the PHONE RINGS AGAIN. He lifts the phone, presses the disconnect button, then drops the phone, leaving it dangling.

Wholly possessed by desire for revenge, he goes into --

157 INT. WARREN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

157

He switches on the light, kneels in front of the wash basin. With his powerful hands, he unscrews the threaded coupling which holds the trap (the large, U-shaped pipe) in place. From the vertical pipe, his switchblade knife drops into his hand.

158 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

158

We see Warren's gray VW driving through a sleazy part of downtown Los Angeles.

159 INT. WARREN'S CAR

159

Driving at a moderate pace, Warren glances at the rear-view mirror, in which car lights are shining. The car lights are those of --

160 KESSLER

160

He stays a reasonable distance behind, keeping Warren's VW in view.

161 WARREN

161

He is well-satisfied, everything going according to plan.
He turns a corner, sees --

162 WARREN'S POV

162

Up ahead is a PORNO THEATER, lighted marquee proclaiming
its lurid fare: MAN EATERS!

The vicinity of a porno theater is an ideal place for
hookers to hawk their wares. We see two of them. One is
in her thirties, flashy and frowzy. The other is in her
twenties, with a childish face and good figure. Her name
is MARGO.

The girls are talking to a prospective customer. The
price is not right. No deal.

163 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

163

Warren reaches the end of the block, whips around the
corner.

164 EXT. DOWNTOWN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

164

The VW scoots into the PARKING LOT, located on a dark
side street. The lot is unlighted, no attendant. Not
more than a dozen cars in the lot.

Warren turns off his car lights, quickly backs into a
space at the rear, just beyond a panel truck, which
conceals the VW from view.

165 KESSLER

165

His car arrives at the parking lot. He, too, drives in.

166 KESSLER'S POV

166

His headlights show there is no rear exit; therefore
Warren's car must be in the parking lot. But where is
Warren?

167 KESSLER

167

He parks his car, gets out. First he loosens the gun in
his shoulder holster, then cautiously starts toward the
rear of the lot.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

He is nearing the panel truck when, with a ROAR, the VW springs from hiding. It bears down on Kessler, who leaps out of the way just in time.

The VW shoots into the street. Kessler runs, jumps into his car.

168 EXT. PORNO THEATER - NIGHT

168

Warren's VW pulls up in front of the theater. Warren toots his horn, motions to Margo. She strolls to the VW, all smiles.

169 KESSLER

169

His car comes around the corner.

170 KESSLER'S POV

170

He sees Warren's VW in front of the theater, the door open, the hooker, Margo, leaning inside.

171 CLOSE - WARREN'S CAR

171

WARREN

Come on, get in!

MARGO

First things first, hon. One way, fifty, round the world, seventy-five!

WARREN

Okay, get in!

He grabs her arm, pulls her inside. We HEAR, from Margo: "Hey, what's your hurry?" Tires squealing, the VW tears around the corner.

172 KESSLER

172

Experience tells him the girl is in danger. He takes out after the VW, reaches the corner, stops halfway around.

173 KESSLER'S POV

173

The street is empty. No sign of the VW.

174 KESSLER

174

He jams his car into reverse, backs up at full speed.
Two cars must swerve to avoid smashing into him. He arrives
back at --

175 EXT. PORNO THEATER

175

Kessler hits his HORN, motioning to Hooker #2. She comes
to the car, leans inside.

HOOKER #2

What can I do for you?

KESSLER

The other girl, where's she take
her tricks?

HOOKER #2

Who wants to know?

Kessler pulls his wallet, flips it open, displaying his
police badge. Hooker #2 changes her tune, points across
the street.

HOOKER #2

Usually the Regis, but they drove
by. Must've went to the Drexel
or Golden State.

176 INT. LOBBY - GOLDEN STATE HOTEL - NIGHT

176

The slovenly ROOM CLERK, summoned from dinner and TV in
the small office behind the desk, takes Warren's money,
in return hands him a key.

ROOM CLERK

Want drinks, just call the bar.

WARREN

I got my own. Give me a wake
up call in three hours.

MARGO

Hoo-eee!

ROOM CLERK

(to Margo)
Looks like you got your work
cut out for you.

He hurries back to dinner and TV. Warren hurries Margo
to the elevator.

177 INT. GOLDEN STATE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

177

Margo, having undressed, pulls back the bed covers. Warren, nothing on but his shorts, brings two glasses from the bathroom. He pours two stiff drinks from a pint bottle of whiskey. Hands Margo a glass.

MARGO

That's too much, hon. My union don't approve of drinking on the job.

WARREN

It'll loosen you up.

MARGO

I'm a loose woman already.

WARREN

Drink it.

Rather than argue, she drinks half of it. Warren continues to gaze at her. She drinks the rest, whereupon he pours her another stiff belt.

WARREN

Get into bed and relax. I'm going to take a shower.

MARGO

What for?

WARREN

Because I like to be clean.

Margo climbs into bed with her drink. Warren takes his own drink to the bathroom. Before closing the door, he lifts his glass.

WARREN

Bottoms up.

MARGO

That's the story of my life.

She drinks. Warren closes the bathroom door.

178 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

178

Warren turns on the shower, dumps his untouched drink down the shower drain.

179 INT. LOBBY - GOLDEN STATE HOTEL - NIGHT

179

Kessler is at the desk, pounding the hand-bell. We see his car out in front, in the loading zone.

The slovenly Room Clerk comes out of the office, SOUND of a BARROOM BRAWL from his TV. Resenting the interruption: "Yeah?"

KESSLER

Young guy, this size...

(he indicates)

Girl this size... hooker...
they check in?

ROOM CLERK

Whoa, brother. It ain't our
policy...

He finds himself staring at a police badge.

ROOM CLERK

Two-two-four.

KESSLER

Gimme a key! A key!

The Clerk takes a key out of a box. Kessler grabs it and runs.

180 INT. GOLDEN STATE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

180

Kessler rushes from the elevator, hurries down the corridor to room 224.

Behind him, at the end of the corridor, is a light EXIT sign. Under the sign is a window. The window is open.

Kessler draws his gun, slips key into lock of 224, silently unlocks the door.

181 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

181

Kessler, gun in hand, leaps inside, sees Margo on the bed, eyes closed. Warily Kessler approaches the bathroom door, flings it open. It's empty. But on the shelf are the two glasses, washed clean.

He examines Margo, feels her pulse, smells her breath, slaps her face. She groans. Not dead, just drugged.

Kessler realizes he is looking at another beautiful alibi.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

He snatches the phone off the hook, hears it BUZZING downstairs.

182 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

182

Behind the desk the unmanned switchboard is BUZZING furiously, but in the office a GUN BATTLE on TV is louder. The Room Clerk, a TV addict, hears nothing else.

183 OMITTED

183

184 OMITTED

184

185 INT. DORMITORY KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

185

The DOORBELL is RINGING. Doreen, in the kitchenette, has bread in the toaster. She wears pajamas and a robe.

DOREEN

Get it, Bun!

185AA INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM - NIGHT

185AA

Monica is in the shower. Bunny, in pajamas, is curling her hair with an electric curling iron. The curling iron cord is plugged into a wall socket.

BUNNY

Looking like this? You get it.

DOREEN (V.O.)

My toast will burn!

BUNNY

Take it out, dummy!

185A INT. GOLDEN STATE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

185A

Kessler, having gone behind the registration desk, is dragging the Room Clerk out of the office, yelling --

KESSLER

Give me a line!

186 INT. DORMITORY - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

186

Doreen looks through the peephole in the door.

(CONTINUED)

187 HER POV

187

THROUGH PEEPHOLE, we see someone with a florist's bouquet. We know it's Warren, but he holds the flowers in front of his face, deliberately mispronounces the name --

WARREN
Flowers for Miss uh Koosler.

DOREEN (V.O.)
Well, what do you know.

188 BACK TO DOREEN

188

O.S. we HEAR the PHONE RINGING.

DOREEN
Somebody get the phone!
Bunny!

BUNNY (V.O.)
Okay-okay.

189 INT. HALL

189

Bunny comes out of the bathroom.

NOTE: At the end of the hall is a rear door, which is bolted.

The phone RINGS AGAIN.

190 DOREEN

190

She unlocks the door.

DOREEN
I'll take them.

WARREN (O.S.)
Sorry, she's got to sign
for them.

DOREEN
Laurie!

191 LAURIE

191

She is in bed, in the dark communal BEDROOM, half asleep.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

DOREEN (V.O.)
Somebody sent you some flowers!
You gotta sign for them!

Laurie reaches for robe and slippers. And then she HEARS --

192 BUNNY

192

She is on the phone, shocked by what she hears.

BUNNY
What? Oh, my God!
(screams to Doreen)
Don't open the door!

193 FRONT DOOR

193

The door, unlocked by Doreen, is pushed opened from outside by Warren. Doreen tries to slam the door. Warren hits the door with his full weight, sending Doreen staggering back. She is further horrified to see that he is naked.

She hurls herself at him, trying to force him out. We see the flash of Warren's switchblade. Doreen's mouth opens in an agonizing gasp. She falls against the door, pushing it closed, and sinks to the floor amidst the scattered flowers from the bouquet.

194 WARREN

194

He locks the door, leaps into the hallway. Bunny, still clutching the phone, screams --

BUNNY
No! Oh, my God, no!

195 LAURIE

195

From the darkened bedroom, she sees --

196 POV

196

Warren seizes the phone, rips the cord out of the wall. The phone table is knocked over, the drawer spilling open, disclosing the police radio. Warren hurls it against the wall, smashing it.

197 INT. GOLDEN STATE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

197

Kessler on the phone, hearing the line go dead, shouts "Hello! Hello!" He drops the phone, races for the door.

CAMERA PANS to a large CLOCK over the desk. The time is TEN TO MIDNIGHT.

198 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

198

Warren holds Bunny against the wall, the knife at her throat.

WARREN

Where is she? I don't want to hurt you. Where is she?

BUNNY

Not here. She's not here.

WARREN

Yes she is. Tell me where, I'll let you go. Where is she?

199 LAURIE

199

She looks around frantically for a place to hide. But where? The only exit from the room is into the hall. There are no closets, only clothes racks. Windows (the clerestory type) are small and too high up.

WARREN (V.O.)

Show me where, you'll be safe and sound.

200 WARREN AND BUNNY

200

He hears WATER RUNNING, takes hold of Bunny's arm, twists it behind her back. Bunny cries out.

WARREN

Quiet!

They start toward the bathroom.

201 INT. KESSLER'S CAR - NIGHT

201

He is racing through town, transmitting on his portable POLICE RADIO --

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

KESSLER
 (he uses police
 terminology for armed
 man, dangerous, etc.)
 County hospital, dormitory three!
 Come in! Over!

202 SHOT

202

In his unmarked car, McAnn has picked up the call, jolted by what he has heard.

MCANN
 Kessler, this is McAnn. Ten-four!
 On our way!

His detective PARTNER has switched on red light and SIREN. He floors the accelerator.

203 KESSLER

203

It being his own car, he has no red light or siren, therefore must take his chances while driving full speed. We SEE hair-raising near misses.

204 INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM - NIGHT

204

Warren and Bunny are in the bathroom. We HEAR the shower turned off. A towel, draped over the shower door, is pulled inside. Warren motions Bunny to be quiet.

The shower door opens. There stands Monica, naked, wrapping the towel around her wet hair. Sees Warren, knife in hand, tries to pull the shower door closed. Warren jerks it open, pulling Monica with it. His knife enters her stomach. He wrenches it upward, thrusts her back into the shower, slams the shower door. To Bunny:

WARREN
 Why didn't you tell me? Why
 did you make me think she was
 in there? Where is she?

Bunny, sobbing hysterically, can't answer. Warren shoves her toward the door, whereupon she bolts for the front door. Warren leaps after her, seizes hold of her hair, pulls her around, sinks his knife into her. Bunny's knees give way. She collapses. Warren's hands are covered with blood.

205 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

205

Warren turns on the light and enters. He looks up at the windows. Impossible to get out. Looks behind the clothes racks. Nobody there.

206 LAURIE

206

She is under a bed, tight against the wall, petrified with fear.

207 WARREN

207

He takes hold of the bed, which is on rollers, sends it spinning halfway across the room.

Laurie is too frightened to cry out. She jumps up, circles the bed, moving it this way and that, using it as a barrier between her and Warren.

Warren takes hold of the bed, rolls it toward her, trapping her in a corner. He leaps onto the bed. Laurie thrusts the bed away from her.

Warren, thrown off balance, falls to the floor. Momentarily he loses hold of the knife.

By the time he finds the knife, Laurie has fled the room.

208 INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

208

On the wall, in a metal box, is the master-electric control. Laurie opens the box, pulls the switch. ALL LIGHTS GO OUT. There is just enough light (from curtained windows facing the street) for us to see Laurie run to --

209 THE FRONT DOOR

209

Laurie is horrified by the sight of Doreen, dead on the floor. But worse, Doreen's body lies tight against the door (which opens inward). Laurie unlocks the door, but can't open it.

The LIGHTS GO ON. Laurie whirls, sees --

210 WARREN

210

He has found the master control, has pushed the switch back on. Knife in hand, he stalks Laurie.

211 INT. DORMITORY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

211

Laurie uses a study table as a barricade, circling one way, Warren the other. Clearly evident is his pleasure in terrifying her. (NOTE: The purpose here is to show the most repulsive side of Warren's nature, to turn the audience irrevocably against him.)

Laurie's panic is such she is barely able to speak:

LAURIE

My father's coming! He'll
kill you!

WARREN

Oh, no. Uh uh. I know
where he is.

On the study table is a lamp. Laurie seizes it.

LAURIE

That was him on the phone!
He'll be here any minute!

WARREN

Oh? Then I'd better hurry up,
hadn't I?

He lunges at her. Laurie throws the lamp at him and runs. Warren dodges the lamp, leaps after her.

212 INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM - NIGHT

212

Laurie dashes inside, slams and locks the door, her terror reflected in the full-length mirror on the door. She is further horror-stricken to see the dead body of Monica in the shower.

A violent kick from outside SHATTERS THE FULL-LENGTH MIRROR. The glass crashes to the floor. Laurie screams.

WARREN

He kicks the door again and again. He stops, HEARING the distant SOUND of a CAR. The front windows show headlights in the distance, approaching the dorm.

LAURIE

She, too, hears the car. (Or, depending on the location of the bathroom, she might see the headlights through the bathroom windows.) Not at all sure, but hopefully --

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

LAURIE
There he is! That's him!

WARREN

His face contorts.

WARREN
All right, but wait till
next time! Count on it,
I'll be back!

LAURIE

Holding her breath, she HEARS Warren run to the front door, HEARS the front door pulled open, then slammed shut.

Her eye is caught by something on the bathroom shelf -- the electric curling iron, still plugged into the socket, therefore blisteringly hot. She unplugs it.

Holding it like a cudgel, she unlocks the bathroom door, opens it just wide enough to peek out. All she sees is the sprawled body of Bunny.

213 INT. HALLWAY AND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

213

Laurie opens the bathroom door, ventures into the hallway. Warren springs from the bedroom across the hall, clutches at her robe. Laurie strikes at him with the curling iron. A HISS as it hits his neck, leaving an angry red mark.

Warren howls in pain, lurches backward. Laurie grabs a chair, hurls it at him. The chair hits him, knocking him down. The knife flies from his hand.

Laurie runs to the rear door, unlocks it, runs outside.

214 EXT. PARK-LIKE AREA - NIGHT

214

Laurie runs through the trees. Beyond the park-like area is a lighted residential section. This is her goal.

215 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

215

Warren finds the knife, races out the rear door.

216 EXT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

216

Warren looks in all directions, catches sight of --

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

LAURIE

In the distance she is no more than a shadowy figure.

WARREN

He takes off in pursuit.

217 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

217

Kessler bursts in through the front door, gun in hand. Sees the body of Doreen. He makes a swift, grisly circuit of the dorm, stunned, enraged by the butchery, shouting Laurie's name.

No answer to his shouting, no sign of Laurie, he sees the open rear door, rushes outside.

218 KESSLER

218

In the distance he sees --

POV

A figure (Warren) running in and out of the shadows.

KESSLER

He holsters his gun, goes running off.

219 LAURIE

219

She emerges from the park-like area into the RESIDENTIAL SECTION (older houses). It is late, the street deserted. A few cars are parked on the street. She hides behind a car, cries, "Help! Help!"

220 INTERCUT

220

Shots of Warren and Kessler running, both of them HEARING Laurie's cries for help.

221 SHOT

221

A window opens, a head appears - an ELDERLY WOMAN. Behind her we see her HUSBAND. They are mystified, seeing nothing.

222 LAURIE

222

She sees what looks like a safer hiding place. Runs on to --

223 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

223

Halfway down the alley is a large, commercial-type refuse container. Laurie runs down the alley, crouches behind the container.

Gasping for breath, she HEARS and is heartened by the FAINT SOUND of POLICE SIRENS (i.e., still far off).

WARREN

Peering around for Laurie, he reaches the entrance to the alley. He is about to hurry on when he sees --

POV

A flicker of movement. A corner of Laurie's robe, on the ground, is whisked out of sight.

WARREN

Silently he trots down the alley. In his hand is the knife.

LAURIE

She looks up at the wall.

HER POV

A giant shadow, cast on the wall by the street light, is almost on top of her.

LAURIE AND WARREN

Laurie springs up, but Warren grabs hold of her robe, reels her in. His arm goes around her throat, cutting off her screams.

A SHOT is fired into the air. Warren whirls around, spinning Laurie around with him.

KESSLER

It was he who fired the shot. He walks down the alley, his gun pointed, but not daring to shoot.

THE SHOWDOWN - SERIES OF SHOTS

Warren half conceals himself behind Laurie, using her as a shield, the knife at her throat.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

We see all of Kessler's resources brought into play. Aware of the danger to Laurie in provoking a vicious response from Warren, Kessler holds his fury in check. As though soothing a wild animal --

KESSLER

Let her go, Warren.

WARREN

Stay back! Come any nearer, I'll cut her open!

KESSLER

No you won't. You hurt her, you're dead. Stop and think, Warren. No trial, no lawyer to defend you, no insanity hearing, just blown away. Give yourself up, the law will protect you. No sane person could have done what you've done.

WARREN

(wildly)

If I'm crazy, who drove me crazy? That blood on my clothes... those pictures on the wall where everybody could see them, making me look like shit! Those phone calls... on me every minute...!

KESSLER

That's over and done with. This is now. Now it's live or die.

SOUND of SIRENS in the distance, growing LOUDER.

KESSLER

That's the police. Do what I say, you'll be taken in and booked. You'll call your lawyer, he'll take it from there. Let her go, Warren.

WARREN

So you can shoot me?

KESSLER

No one's going to shoot you.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

His voice is hypnotic, like a psychiatrist dealing with an hysterical patient.

KESSLER

Close the knife, I'll put my gun away. Do it, Warren.

Warren's face takes on a new aspect, a studied, calculating look. Still holding Laurie, with one hand he closes the knife.

Kessler himself takes a calculated risk. He holsters his gun, displays his empty hands.

KESSLER

Okay, now let her go.

Slowly Warren relaxes his hold on Laurie, releases her. Kessler motions her to move to one side. She does so, eyes streaming, half dead from the ordeal.

Kessler keeps his hands open and elevated, away from his gun. Holds one hand out.

KESSLER

The knife.

Warren appears to have donned a mask - the mask of derangement. He walks forward, speaking in that familiar jeering voice --

WARREN

Whatever you say, Mr. Kessler.
Say I'm crazy? You're right.
Why else would I kill people
I don't even know?

McAnn's car, tires screeching, whips into the alley. McAnn and his partner leap out. Other police cars are seen arriving in the b.g. During which --

WARREN

It's like somebody else did it,
not me. No matter what I did,
you can't touch me. I'm not
responsible.

(a scream)

You are!

His hand closes on the knife, the blade springs open. He lunges at Kessler, cutting his hand.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

Again Warren slashes at him. This time Kessler is ready. One hand knocks Warren's arm upward, the other hand clamps hold of Warren's wrist. A powerful twist spins Warren around. Kessler's arm encircles Warren's neck from behind.

MCANN

Leo, no!

Unheeded words. Gripping Warren's wrist, Kessler drives the knife into the killer's belly. As Warren did to his victims, Kessler wrenches the knife upward.

Kessler lets go of him. Warren sinks to the ground.

TABLEAU

Everyone reacts in shock, everyone but Kessler, who shows no more feeling than if he had killed a mad dog.

A moment passes. Then, to McAnn --

KESSLER

You won't have to lie for me,
I'll turn myself in.

END SHOT

As CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY, Kessler puts his arm around Laurie, leads her off to McAnn and the police cars.

FADE OUT